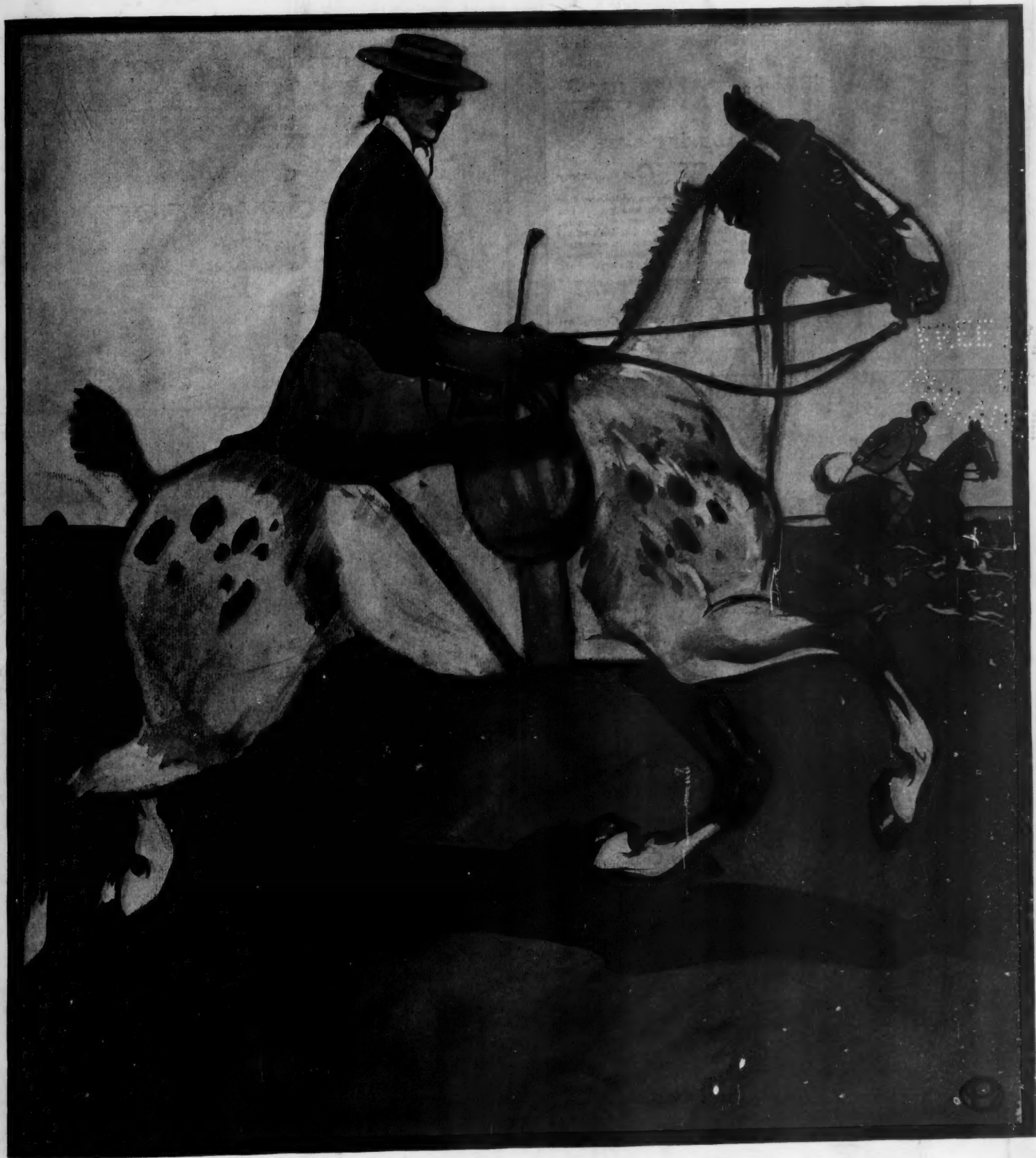


Collier's

SEPTEMBER 17, 1904



VOLUME XXXIII : NUMBER 25 : PRICE 10 CENTS



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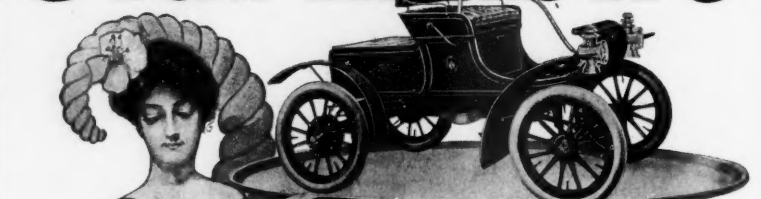
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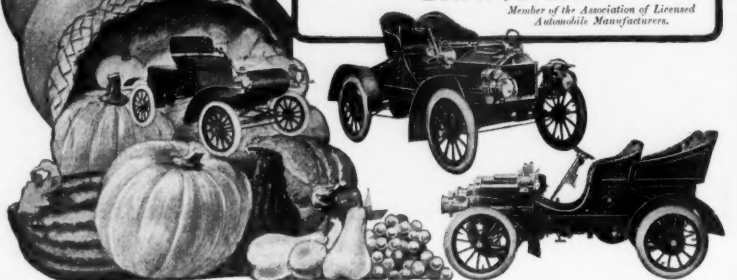
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From Now to Christmas

Sherlock Holmes Again

OF the twelve adventures in Conan Doyle's new series of detective stories, "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," only eight were published last winter and this spring. There are four more to come, and they will appear in successive Household Numbers, beginning with the October Household Number next week. The titles of the stories and the order in which they will appear in Collier's are:

- "The Adventure of the Three Students"
October Household Number
- "The Adventure of the Golden Pince-Nez"
November Household Number
- "The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter"
Christmas Number
- "The Adventure of the Abbey Grange"
January Household Number

The illustrations for these Sherlock Holmes stories, as before, will be drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele, who will also make the cover designs in color for the numbers in which the Adventures are to appear. We have also secured a new series of stories of adventure

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

which are to appear monthly in the Fiction Numbers beginning next month, October 8, with "The Green Adventure." The authors of "Incomparable Bellairs" have again collaborated in the writing of a group of six tales named "If Youth But Knew!" whose scene is laid in Westphalia during Napoleonic times. The cover designs for the Fiction Numbers containing them have been drawn by Mr. F. X. Leyendecker, and are similar in treatment to his "Kitty Bellairs" series.

The \$5,000 Short Story Contest

WHILE it is impossible to tell the exact date on which the prize winners in the Short Story Contest will be announced, we feel confident that this will be some time in November. Meanwhile we should like to address a few words to those impatient ones who do not realize what a monumental task is the reading of twelve thousand manuscripts. Obviously Senator Lodge, Mr. Page, and Mr. White could not be expected to examine every story that was submitted to the contest. It would take any one of these gentlemen two years and a half to read all the manuscripts submitted, even if they read as fast as one hundred stories a week. For the past four months, therefore, we have employed a corps of the best professional readers in America to sift from among the twelve thousand contributors those worthy of being submitted to the three judges. Among so great a number of stories there are naturally many of no merit whatever; many of a standard not sufficiently high to merit an award; and many excellent stories which, either because of their plots, their morals, or their themes, would seem to be unsuitable for use in Collier's. Such contributions as came under these heads in the preliminary readings were returned with a note of explanation, as we felt it would be unjust to their authors to hold the manuscripts any longer than necessary. Some authors, however, do not seem to have appreciated our desire to be prompt in returning their manuscripts, and many have complained because their particular stories were not read by Senator Lodge, Mr. Page, and Mr. White. One author wrote to Mr. Lodge and asked him if he knew that Collier's was conducting a swindling game with the use of the Senator's name. Mr. Lodge replied to this man in part as follows:

"I do not see how any reasonable man could suppose for a moment that it would be possible for any three men engaged in other active pursuits to read over twelve thousand manuscripts. The preliminary reading and sifting of manuscripts, where there are so many, could only be done by professional readers. Neither I nor any of the judges could by any possibility have undertaken to read all the manuscripts sent in, and no such suggestion was ever made, so far as I am aware."

"I desire to add that Collier's Weekly have exercised the most conscientious and searching care in regard to these stories. No story is rejected unless it has the unanimous opinion of four most excellent readers. No fairer or better arrangement could be made for those who compete for the prize, and no other arrangement was possible. No one had the right to suppose for a moment that every manuscript sent in was to pass before the three judges named. Their duty was simply to make a final award on the selected manuscripts submitted for their inspection."

The War in the East



R. H. Davis

has now reached a point where even those who have hitherto been least interested in its progress are eager to read of the conflict. The battle at Liao-Yang is one of the greatest recorded in history. Half a million men fought there,—more men than were gathered at Austerlitz, Jena, Waterloo, Gettysburg, Sedan, or Metz. Unfortunately for history, there were only a few foreign correspondents present. Most of the great dailies—wearing by the delays of the campaign and unwilling to bear longer the heavy expense of maintaining representatives in the field—had withdrawn their men several weeks before. But Collier's has kept its full corps in the field, and now has the satisfaction to announce to its readers that there were four Collier Representatives actually present on the battlefield of Liao-Yang. Two of them, Richard Harding Davis and Frederick Palmer, rank indisputably as the foremost American war correspondents. They are assisted by James H. Hare, Collier's war photographer, who stands second to no man in his profession; while James F. J. Archibald witnessed the disaster from the Russian side. Their reports and photographs should reach this office in time for publication about the middle of October. The next great climax of the Eastern conflict will be at Port Arthur. There, Collier's is represented by Mr. Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, whose description and pictures of his visit to Admiral Togo were published in a recent issue. He is now attached to General Nogi's forces besieging the Russian Gibraltar.



Frederick Palmer

Mr. Dooley in Collier's

BY special arrangement with Mr. F. P. Dunne, the creator of "Mr. Dooley," Collier's will publish during the autumn a series of exclusive Dooley papers, beginning in an early issue. There will be six in all.

Our readers must not confuse Mr. Dooley in Collier's with Mr. Dooley in the daily press. There, Mr. Dooley is a syndicate, and what he says appears some sixty times on the same day in sixty different newspapers all over the country. In Collier's, Mr. Dooley is himself—an exclusive philosopher—and what he says appears only once, and that once in Collier's. In other words, the Dooley papers that are published in the Weekly will not appear in any other periodical whatsoever, and should very properly be appreciated accordingly.



F. P. Dunne

Booth Tarkington on Politics

THE author of "The Gentleman from Indiana" is somewhat of a politician himself. He comes of a race of politicians, and even now he helps to frame the laws of his native State. We have secured his promise to write several articles on political topics for Collier's during the campaign. It is unnecessary to point out to our readers the vein and spirit in which the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire" is likely to approach his subject, for Mr. Tarkington will be sure to see the humorous and happy side of even the blackest political situation.

Mr. Tarkington believes in the spirit of reform, but he does not believe in the methods usually adopted by reformers. He claims that success in achieving pure politics lies in reforming the machine first.



Booth Tarkington

Collier's for October 15 will be a

GIBSON NUMBER

containing a double-page picture and twelve other hitherto unpublished drawings, included in a cover in colors, all by Charles Dana Gibson. This will be the largest collection of Gibson's drawings ever published together—excepting Mr. Gibson's annual books, which, however, are collections of his previously published work. Collier's "Gibson Number" will present new pictures exclusively—pictures representative of every phase of the artist's work, ranging from the queenly Gibson Girl to the human-document cartoon. Some of these drawings are:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| Telling His Fortune (double-page) | The Anxious Hostess |
| Dangerous | The Factory Girl |
| The Flat-Dwellers | Brothers and Sisters |
| A Strike-Breaker | |

Mr. Gibson has also written for this number an article which, in a sense, is a personal expression of his views and opinions—an article which every admirer of his work will be eager to read. Mr. Robert Bridges contributes an "Appreciation" of the work of Charles Dana Gibson, while Mr. Oliver Herford has drawn a picture and composed some verses on practically the same theme, but from an entirely different point of view. The Gibson Number will be one of the most striking special numbers ever issued by Collier's—the cover, in particular, being a novel and unusual form of expression for Mr. Gibson's art—a pastel in color. A photograph of the studio in which the Gibson Girls are sketched will complete the Gibson features of the number, which, in addition, will have its usual quota of articles, news photographs, etc.



Charles Dana Gibson

The Progress of the Campaign

AS we have previously announced, Collier's will record the progress of the Presidential campaign from a strictly non-partisan viewpoint, endeavoring to give our readers all the facts from the highest authorities on both sides. There are so many cross-issues this year, however, that we have arranged for a series of articles that will set before our readers the political conditions in every section of the land where party lines have been distinctly drawn. In New York State, for instance, there is the Murphy-McCarren split in the Democratic ranks; in Wisconsin, the Republican Stalwarts are fighting the Republican Regulars; in Missouri, the Democratic machine is trying to defeat the Democratic nominee for Governor; in Colorado, the labor troubles are causing deep concern to party leaders of both sides. Collier's proposes to take up these conditions one by one, and to set all the facts before its readers, allowing them to form their own conclusions. The articles are being prepared by a well-known writer of the younger school, whose name is familiar to all magazine readers, who is in no manner affiliated with either political party, and who is now visiting the various political centres to gather his material at first hand.

In addition to these aspects of local conditions Collier's will print important articles by men in high places, articles equal in authority and importance to that of ex-President Cleveland's "Steady, Democrats, Steady!" and Governor La Follette's "The Republican Issue in Wisconsin," published respectively in our issues of July 23 and September 3.

The Presidential Candidates

THE double-page picture next week, in the October Household Number, will prove an interesting contribution to the pictorial record of this Presidential campaign. We have secured large photographs of President Roosevelt and his entire family in a group, on the lawn at Oyster Bay, and a similar picture of Judge Parker and his family, photographed at Esopus. These we have reproduced in colors which make the prints as nearly true to life as possible in art reproduction. Each picture is as large as a full page of Collier's, and as they are carefully and clearly printed on heavy supercalendered paper, they will be found well worthy of preservation in frames.

Collier's Color Work

WITH our new and improved presses we shall be able to do much more and better color work hereafter than ever before. The Presidential double-page next week may be accepted as a fair example of what is to come. In the Christmas Number we shall present an exquisite colored double-page by Miss Jessie Willcox Smith, who is now drawing exclusively for Collier's, and who has also prepared a series of colored frontpieces to appear in the Household Numbers, beginning next week. Mr. Frederic Remington's paintings will continue as the art feature of the Fiction Numbers, as Mr. Gibson's drawings will retain the place of honor in the Household Numbers. In addition we have secured the exclusive services of Mr. Maxfield Parrish, who is now at work on a series of cover designs, and is preparing a complete new set of decorations, lettering and headpieces, which, when completed, should make Collier's what by the printing fraternity would be styled the "best dressed" of periodicals. We hope to put on our new clothes in the Christmas Number, of which we shall make announcement later.

A Cat Tale

THERE is one more art feature about which we feel we must squeeze in a word right here. Mr. Oliver Herford has drawn thirty-one cats, or rather thirty-one portraits of the same cat, whose life he pictures and sings in verse under the title of "The Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten." The adventures of this Oriental feline will be described in the manner of the poet Omar in successive Household Numbers, beginning in the October Household Number next week.



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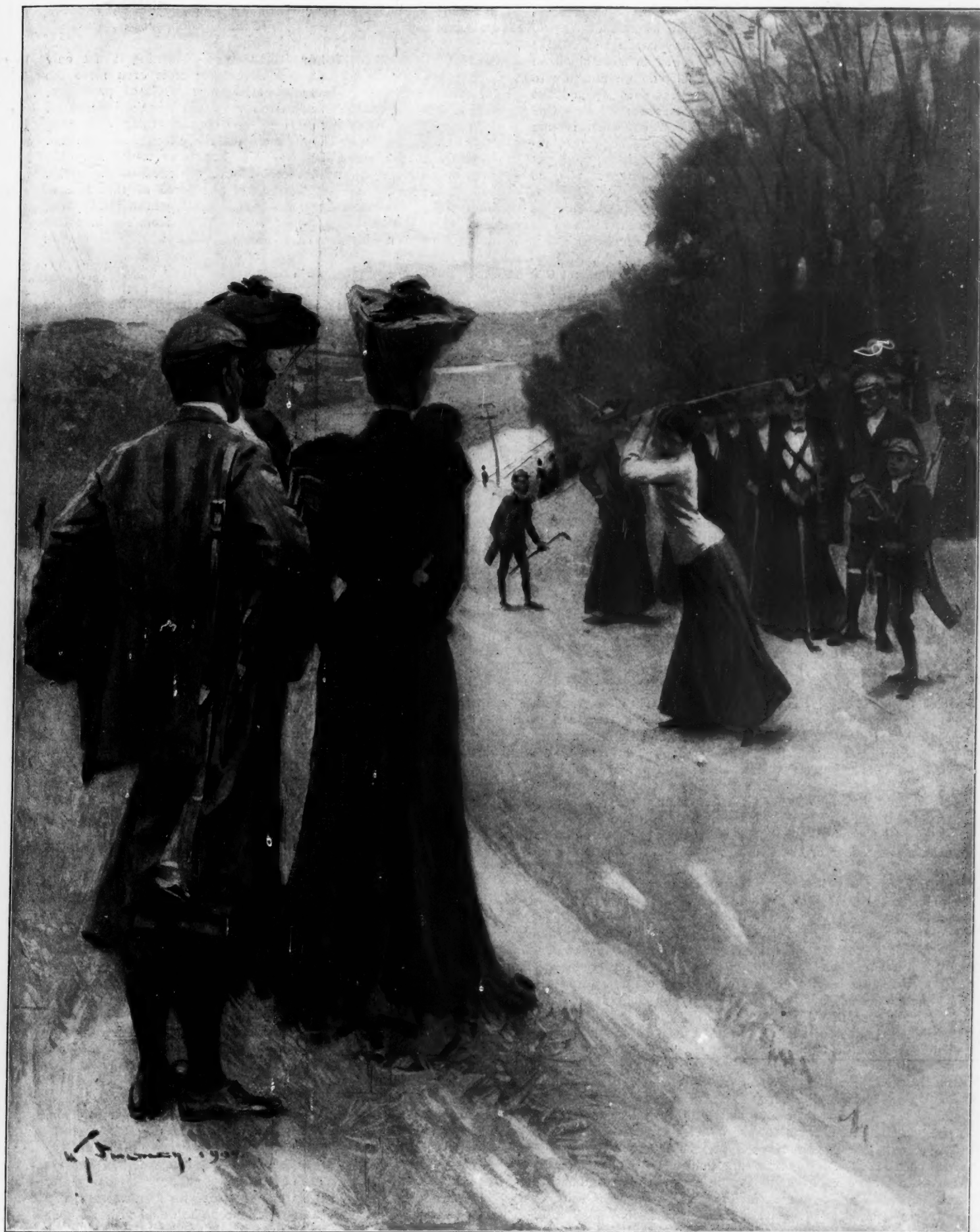
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COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904



ON THE FAIR GREEN

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY



SOUTHERNERS ASK MANY QUESTIONS whenever one of our editorials on lynching appears. Most of these questions show lack of comprehension or of attention. Why do we not attack lynching when it happens in the North? Answer: We do. We happen to have written more about an Indiana lynching than about any other. Why do we not talk to the negroes about their responsibility for the crimes which make life in many parts of the South a horror? Answer: We do. One reason we so constantly commend BOOKER WASHINGTON is that his great work is to bring home to the negroes their own responsibility, in every way, for their inferior position; and yet Southerners blame us whenever we praise WASHINGTON. Why do we not show sympathy with the innocent victims? Nothing has seemed so noble to us, so hopeful, or so touching, as the behavior of some of the bereaved relatives in these awful tragedies. They are not usually the ones who lead the burnings. Often they plead against them. We repeat that, North or South, it is usually the love of excitement that causes burnings by mobs in those cases where there is every reason to believe that justice from the courts is sure and far more deterrent in its effect. The world used to believe that crime was prevented by cruel punishments. We now know that it is far better prevented by calm and judicial punishment. If burning negroes would prevent their crimes, we should say, "Burn ahead." As everybody knows, the effect is to inflame the imaginations of depraved negroes, and, like all violence and cruelty, to keep alive the unrestrained moods which produce crime. Self-restraint in the negroes will be increased by self-restraint in the punishers. Violence will grow with violent vengeance.

THE PRESIDENT
AND THE SOUTH

ANYBODY OUGHT TO KNOW, from our feeling about the President's grave errors against the South, how deeply we sympathize with our Southern compatriots. We have always liked Southerners, but, like the rest of us, they have their special faults, and one of them is chafing under all criticism. Never does any censure of his people strike a Southerner as just; but surely even residents of Southern States are not without some traits which fall short of perfection. The President has had a hard task, in dealing with that part of the country, and he has conspicuously failed to show that wisdom for which his position calls. Although it is a coarse exaggeration to trace any one act of violence, whether by negroes or avenging mobs, to Mr. ROOSEVELT, it is the dreadful truth that his behavior has increased the depravity of the negroes and the unreason of the whites. In a situation requiring tact and patience—virtues brought to this task by LINCOLN and MCKINLEY—Mr. ROOSEVELT has used that narrow, one-sided intensity with which Presidents and their advisers have cursed the South, from ANDREW JOHNSON to HENRY CABOT LODGE. One of Mr. ROOSEVELT's virtues, however, is his ability to learn. He spoke useful words recently, in refusing to pardon a negro criminal, and we hope that, if he is re-elected, he will, during his second term, be a better President of the South.

NEW YORK COM-
PLICATIONS

THERE SEEMS TO BE DANGER, at present, that the Republicans, the Democrats, or both, may put up for Governor in New York the kind of man variously designated as a "two spot" or "yellow dog." Had Mr. ROOT accepted one nomination, the other would have gone to the strongest Democrat who would have taken it. If the Republicans, however, put up the Hon. TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF, or a statesman of equal calibre, the Democrats are likely to follow suit. Mr. ODELL could not afford to have Mr. ROOT nominated, for were he to be nominated the Governor-Chairman would be compelled either to defeat his own party in the State or to see Mr. ROOT destroy the ODELL boss-ship. Mr. ROOT, on his part, is doubtless glad to escape, for, if the Governorship were to lead on in his career, he would be compelled to run again in 1906, and, in order to ensure his re-election then, to put an end to ODELL in the short space of two years. Out of such personal complications are our rulers chosen. The Democrats are guided by similar equations. What MURPHY could have to say in choosing a candidate for Governor was largely determined at the primaries held over two weeks ago. Had he been successful in Brooklyn all talk of GROUT, for instance, would have subsided. MCCARREN's sweeping victory increases the influence of the Brooklyn lobbyist in the gubernatorial situation, and almost eliminates the Tammany boss. The people asked for Mr. ROOT. Had he run, the people

would have chosen his Democratic opponent. Instead, a few Republican politicians will select their candidate first, and a few Democratic politicians will put up a suitable opponent.

WHAT MAKES ANTI-IMPERIALISM so dispiriting is not only man's love of change and adventure; it is even more the logic of the time. Necessity makes short work of precedent. When premises change, conclusions need not remain immovable. In the days of WASHINGTON there was no such thing as coaling stations, because there was no such mode of propulsion as steam. Nothing in naval conditions is more important to-day than the need of supplying ships with coal in every portion of the globe. The present war has reminded us of the force of that rule of international law or usage which limits coaling in neutral ports. If WASHINGTON had known what was to follow from the invention of the engineer who was thirty-five years old when WASHINGTON died he would necessarily have modified his views. WASHINGTON was a man who saw things as they were, not as they had been or might sometime be. The coal problem would have had its natural consequences in his mind, as in any practical intelligence. Our ownership of distant harbors—in Hawaii, Porto Rico, Guam, the Philippines—is a natural consequence of ROBERT FULTON's use of steam. The anti-imperialists, when they go to extremes, are fighting against invention and science. When they confine themselves to reasonable conservatism they are a useful element in our thought. When they lose sight of the differences in conditions caused by the changes of a hundred years, they are academic and rightly without weight or influence. They are like the Chinese, whose hereditary customs have been unchanged by the invention of modern rifles. The clear-headed man of more sense than learning finds the cause of reason not in China but in Japan.

IMPERIALISM
AND COAL

INSIDE
AND OUT

DISSATISFACTION WITH THE TONE thus far set for the campaign is frequent in the Democratic press. It is felt that Judge PARKER and his supporters have not thus far crystallized into interesting or telling form the opposition to the Republican Administration. "Standing pat" may be effective strategy when you are inside the breastworks, like Mr. ROOSEVELT, but it is not the way to break in when you are out. In order to storm so redoubtable a position as that held by the Republican Administration, some active stand is necessary. Judge PARKER, after much goading, made a real issue on the Philippines, urging haste in abandoning them, but that issue continues to create but languid interest. He declines to inflame the negro question, and he would lose the solid North if he should do so. On trusts he merely says, enforce the common law and it will suffice. On the tariff, his position is that Democrats could for a long time do nothing even if they won. The plea that corruption increases when a party is too long in power has not been stated so as to take the public mind, naturally, perhaps, since Mr. ROOSEVELT has done so much cleaning out himself. Personal attacks on the President are discouraged by Judge PARKER, who rightly judges that they would prove boomerangs. All along the line, nothing salient is ventured. The guiding idea is to remain quiet, run no chances of offence, and take advantage of what dissatisfaction and reaction there may be. If there is no real dissatisfaction, this method has no chance. It is only fair to remember, however, that Judge PARKER was nominated not so much with a view to winning this election as to putting the Democratic party into shape for future usefulness and possible later victories. With this effort non-partisans will have full sympathy. Many an independent whose vote is cast for the President and his Administration may wisely vote for Democrats for Congress. If Mr. ROOSEVELT is victorious we should be glad to see the election extremely close and the House of Representatives Democratic. We are compelled in candor to praise the Executive and his Cabinet, on the whole, but we are tired of the Senate oligarchy and its dictation to the House, and should be glad to see its great and hidden strength sapped by a well-led hostile House, which would also probably diminish such indifference to means as was shown in the constructive recess absurdity by the President and Mr. ROOT. There is no doubt that the President would be a better President with a Democratic House to criticise and sometimes thwart him than he would with a Republican House subservient to his impatience and to his lack of respect for certain principles and distinctions that have been among the soundest elements of American democracy. The people may vote so as to retain him in his job and also keep him more strictly in his place.



THE STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, which Emperor WILLIAM was graciously pleased to bestow upon this country, is probably to be unveiled next December. The site was chosen long ago, the pedestal and foundation are being prepared, and vacant places are reserved in the neighborhood for other great commanders, CÆSAR, HANNIBAL, and NAPOLEON being mentioned for the posts of honor. According to surmise, the President will take advantage of the occasion to defend the erection in Washington of a statue to FREDERICK—a proceeding which has been censured on the ground that FREDERICK was an enemy to liberty, and also on the ground that Kaiser WILLIAM has a peculiarly unflinching instinct for the bad in art. If the President does speak at the unveiling, we imagine he will eat no fire. He is too shrewd not to realize that fire-eating just now is at a discount, and also that what he needs, for his permanent fame, and for established influence during the rest of his life, is to create an impression of size and depth, not of mere intensity. It may be well enough to defend FREDERICK historically, as he was really an enlightened monarch for his time and circumstance.

THE GREAT
FREDERICK

He did well for Prussia, and his relations with VOLTAIRE, flavored as they were with vanity, nevertheless showed an interest in liberal thought of a kind altogether different from the ideas of his present majesty. To justify FREDERICK historically is one thing. To go into the general policy of glorifying fighters, especially so destructive and selfish a warrior as NAPOLEON, would be another thing; and an error which Mr. ROOSEVELT is unlikely to commit. At one extreme among generals stands WASHINGTON, who deplored war and profoundly valued peace. At the other stands NAPOLEON, who was morally as hard and shallow as he was gifted with mind and talent. Between them come many warriors, including FREDERICK and CÆSAR, for whom much can be said in praise and condemnation. England's great King is made by SHAKESPEARE to say that in peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility. It is the absurd characters of the drama who talk of fierce deeds and horrible revenge.

POSSIBLE USES OF THE TELEPHONE have by no means been exhausted. A little while ago, on one of the Southern roads, a train despatcher was shot and killed by train wreckers. A small youth, who realized the danger to the oncoming express, and who did not know the telegraphic alphabet, ran some little distance to a place where he found a telephone, and by this telephone he sent a warning to the next station to hold the train. Perhaps our railroads will increase the safety of their management if they substitute the telephone for the telegraph, making it possible thereby for anybody to give notice of a danger, whereas now the responsibility rests with one individual who knows the secret alphabet. Officials of the Northern Pacific Railway are said to be contemplating large extensions of their telephone system, the telephone being soon to supersede the telegraph for despatching trains on the St. Paul-Portland route. It takes a great deal to make us wonder at mechanical inventions these days. Even the MARCONI system, sending messages across the ocean through the air, leaves us less astounded than we were when

TELEPHONES

the first reports of talking on a wire for many miles assailed our almost unbelieving ears. Many good people are sceptical about all so-called spiritual mediums. Yet why is it more wonderful that the human organization of Mrs. PIPER, when in a certain abnormally sensitive condition, should receive information from a distance, than that a machine manufactured by an Italian inventor should receive similar distant information out of the general air? As a matter of fact, Mrs. PIPER does receive these messages from a distance, just as certainly as the MARCONI battery gathers its news from the air, or as the telephone wire carries your voice or ours from Chicago to New York. When we read an item about some new use for the telephone or telegraph, we think of its utility and are somewhat dead to the wonder of it all. Yet what, in any period of the world, was ever more suited to arouse the imagination than the wingless messengers that daily do man's work almost in every corner of the globe? Any daily paper of to-day contains marvels enough to furnish with material a universe of poets.

EVERYTHING NORTH OF MAINE is often imagined by us as a howling wilderness. Yet the capital of Alaska is south of the meridian on which is the capital city of Russia. This shows what a future there is for this "northern wilderness" of ours. The cable informs us that Sir ALFRED HARNSWORTH and a number of other newspaper proprietors of London have just closed

negotiations for fifteen hundred square miles of forest areas in the interior of Newfoundland, on which they intend to erect the largest pulp mill in the world. That the largest paper mills in the world are to be developed in Newfoundland, and that perhaps the finest wheat in the world grows not far south of the southern shore of Hudson Bay, point ahead to a significant history for this vast and open country. Canada is confident of her future and has reason to be. What will Russia stand for economically when she has the industrial development which Germany has to-day? We have heard much lately of the development of the tropics, by the leading nations of the temperate zone, and undoubtedly the whole face of their civilization is to be changed; but it is not less true that, as the temperate zone becomes too small for the activities of the leading nations, much more important parts will be played in the northern latitudes than any which those regions have taken heretofore.

FUTURE OF
THE NORTH

THE INTERNATIONAL REFORM BUREAU is an organization which seeks, among other objects, what it calls "the defence of the Sabbath." This association drew the law which closes the Louisiana Purchase Exposition on Sunday. The Superintendent of this bureau, Rev. WILBUR P. CRAFTS, writes in answer to our editorial comment on the effect of closing the Fair on Sunday, and he gives reasons which have been very familiar in argument since the first stirrings were felt in this country against the Puritan conception of the Sabbath. "Any opening of the Fair," says Mr. CRAFTS, "would increase the drinking and disorder, besides making immeasurable Sunday work for men overtaken on other days, by prompting *hundreds of big and noisy excursions by land and water*, while, in the absence of Sunday opening, few except the limited and mostly refined people making a long visit would be in the city on Sunday. The men who crowd the illegal shows and saloons on that day are the people who would not think an art gallery had 'ginger' enough in it. The sentiment of Congress was that in celebrating the French Purchase we should exhibit, not the French Sunday but the American Sabbath." As Congress passed the law without debate or division, we do not know its sentiments. We know only that it deemed the topic dangerous. Not many years ago the art galleries in our principal cities were closed all day Sunday. Three hundred years ago, strolls along country paths were deemed as evil as "big and noisy excursions by land and water" seem to the Rev. Mr. CRAFTS to-day. Big and noisy excursions now crowd our railways every Sunday, and the elevated roads and trolley cars are used for pleasure outings in summer on the Sabbath. We have ourselves made part of an "excursion by land and water" at St. Louis, and thought the experience rather increased our spiritual sensibility. The International Reform Bureau is entitled to its convictions, but we do not understand its logic. "If the buildings at the Fair were open on Sunday only virtuous people would visit them," seems to be one idea. "If the buildings at the Fair were open on Sunday, St. Louis would be crowded, whereas it now contains only those visitors who are making a long stay," seems to be another. The two ideas are not distinguished by logical concord. Perhaps the Rev. Mr. CRAFTS overlooks the fact that the discussion relates to opening, not dubious amusements on the Pike, but beautiful walks and waterways, and many decorous buildings, with instructive and decorous exhibits.

SUNDAY
OPENING

THE OYSTER IS THE HERO of September, in the gastronomic world. Our minds are so constructed that we believe we are considerably less liable to typhoid from impure bivalves a day after than a day before the end of August. The oyster has always enjoyed an unusual share of attention from the great. To SHAKESPEARE he was a symbol of the world. One of SHERIDAN's characters believed this mollusk capable of being crossed in love. He was an influence on the race, as well as the brave man SWIFT called him, who first ventured to open and devour the unpromising looking fish. If the oyster has lately decreased in his repute, it is because we have grown more sensitive to the sources of disease, and have read in the newspapers that epidemics of typhoid often start in oyster beds. He is, on the whole, still admired in America, where he is certainly at his best. Critical observers from abroad have declared blue-points and soft-shell crabs the only points of the higher life at which Europe could not compete. The blue-point, the little-neck, the lobster, and the soft-shell crab are all more saliently and especially characteristic of American existence than is the eagle, or even the turkey, the official and the unofficial emblematic birds.

OYSTERS

THE STRUGGLE IN NEW YORK STATE



THE national campaigners of the two dominant parties are paying more attention to the result in New York State in this Presidential contest than at any time since 1888. In that year Harrison, the candidate of the Republicans for President, won the State by 14,373 votes, while Hill, the Democratic candidate for a second term as Governor, was elected by 19,171 votes. This result, in the estimation of Cleveland Democrats, was accomplished by hocus pocus methods on the part of Hill. Mr. Hill's friends, on the contrary, have insisted that the high license plank on which Warner Miller, his opponent for Governor in that year, stood was responsible for Hill's re-election, whereas Mr. Cleveland's premature Mills Tariff Bill, introduced at Washington the winter before, has been put down by political experts as the cause for Mr. Cleveland's loss of the State. Flower carried the State easily for Governor in 1891, and Mr. Cleveland in 1892 carried it by a plurality of 45,518. Yet two years later Hill, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was swamped by a plurality of 156,000. In 1896 McKinley's plurality was 268,469, while in 1900 McKinley's plurality was 143,606; and yet in 1902 Odell's plurality for re-election was but 8,814. Retracing one's steps a moment, it should be said that Theodore Roosevelt in 1898 carried the State for Governor over Augustus Van Wyck by a little more than 17,000 votes.

The Present Contest and That of 1888

Many of the political leaders of the Republican and Democratic parties are inclined to believe that the approaching election in New York State is to resemble the contest in 1888. In their confidential moods some of the Democratic campaigners do not express exalted hopes of carrying the State for Parker, but they seem to believe that their candidate for Governor is to be elected. The Republican campaigners, on the other hand, or at least some of them, are at times inclined to agree with their Democratic brethren in their estimate of the situation in the Empire State. While these Republican chieftains are utterly confident that Roosevelt is to carry the State, they are not at all sanguine that



GOV. BENJAMIN B. ODELL, JR.

As Governor of the State of New York his political opponents assert that he has used his office in constructing a new political machine which places himself at the party helm and overthrows Senator Platt as the State Republican boss

the Republican candidate for Governor is to be elected. It will be noted from this that the result of the campaign in the State this year is expected to resemble that of 1888. This conclusion, however, should be accepted as but a prophecy made by some of these eminent national campaigners two months before election day. It should also be made very plain that some expert politicians in the two camps do not accept this prophecy.

In 1888 the total vote of the State was 1,324,510, whereas it is expected on November 8 that the total vote of the State will be 1,700,000. For the first time since 1892 the Populist party has a Presidential candidate, Thomas E. Watson, and it should be recalled that in 1892 Weaver, the candidate of the Populists, got in the State 16,429 votes. The Social Labor candidate for President in 1892 got in the State 17,956 votes; whereas, in 1900, the combined vote for President of the Social Labor and Social Democratic candidates was 25,491. In

1896 the Social Labor vote for its candidate for President was 16,607, while Palmer, the candidate of the National Democrats, had a vote in the State amounting to 18,950. The Prohibition vote is seldom reckoned to be a factor in the Empire State. It has dwindled rather than increased, as will be seen by the following figures: In 1892 it was 38,190, in 1896 it was 16,052, while in 1900 it was 22,519. In arriving at anything like a conservative estimate of the situation in the State at the moment the strength of the Republican party and that of the Democratic party must be considered along with the views which many have expressed concerning the probable vote for Watson, the candidate of the Populists, and the votes which are to be given to the candidates of the Socialists.

The Republican party has been in power in the State since Levi P. Morton defeated David B. Hill for Governor in 1894. The successive Republican Governors—Frank S. Black, Theodore Roosevelt, and Benjamin B. Odell, Jr.—have seen to it that the Republican State organization has not gone hungry for the want of patronage. The Federal Administrations of McKinley and Roosevelt for the last eight years have also given to the State an army of postmasters, internal revenue employees, custom house clerks, and others altogether too numerous to mention. On the other hand, the Democrats have been out of power since Flower retired as Governor to be succeeded by Morton, and since Cleveland retired to be succeeded by McKinley. The Republican organization of the State has all the prestige of power and patronage, while the Democratic organization in many of the country districts is but a shell. It is political experience, though, that organizations, while powerful at the primaries and in selecting delegates to State and municipal conventions, are frequently weak concerns in carrying elections. The independent voters of the State must always be reckoned with, and the opinion is frequently expressed that the decision of these independent voters will be responsible for the result on election day.

Hill, Odell, and Political Personalities

In plain straightforward English, the situation in the State as it exists to-day is furrowing the brows of eminent politicians in both the Republican and Democratic camps. It is no exaggeration to say that many Democrats have learned to distrust the leadership of Mr. Hill just as many Republicans are looking askance at the leadership of Mr. Odell. The money question has been entirely eliminated as a political factor. Legislation has taken it out of politics. The situation is one of personalities more than at any time since the campaign of 1888. The Democratic camp is divided just as the Republicans are disturbed by factional quarrels. The Bryan men of the State, notwithstanding the attitude of their chieftain, do not seem to be friendly to Judge Parker. Many of them, on investigation, are to vote either for Watson or for Debs. They say they do not care so much about Judge Parker's gold telegram to the St. Louis Convention as they do about Judge Parker's lifelong friendship for Mr. Hill, "who deserted our chieftain, Mr. Bryan, in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900." They are perfectly familiar with the announcement that Judge Parker voted for Mr. Bryan in 1896 and that Mr. Bryan expressed a wish that Judge Parker should be his running mate as the candidate for Vice-President in 1900. The majority of them, though, do not hesitate to assert that the conservative element of the Democratic party, which was represented by the Gold Democrats who voted for McKinley in 1896 and 1900, was responsible for the defeat of Bryan in those two national contests, and they see no reason why they should put their shoulders to the wheel and help to bring victory to the national managers of the party, who are now almost exclusively Gold Democrats, who were arrayed against Bryan in 1896 and 1900. One unmistakable fact confronts the Democratic national managers. The young voters, sons of Democratic fathers, who went to the Republican party in the last two national campaigns, evince no desire to go back to the faith of their fathers. The opinion is frequently expressed by those competent to speak that Bryanism, the term used for the sixteen-to-one issue, has been more insidious in its effects upon the young men of the State than the old "seesh Democrat" cry of forty years ago. That "seesh Democrat" cry, it is recalled, was to a great extent stifled, eleven years after the war closed, in the great vote for Samuel J. Tilden for President, and in the election of a Democratic President eight years later. It is the constant complaint of the Democratic campaigners that they can not win these young men back to their party. They declare over and over again that the vast majority of the Gold Democrats are back in the party, but it is the aim of all political managers to interest the young voters.

Speaking of the Republican situation in the State, it may be said that many eminent members of that party believe that the Chicago Convention should have put the party on record as favoring immediate tariff revision, such as was mentioned in President McKinley's speech the day before he was shot at Buffalo. Some of these Republicans have taken a great liking to the words Judge Parker uttered on this subject at the time he was notified of his nomination. Yet, investigation in almost every county of the State elicits the information that the Republicans are united in their support of President Roosevelt. The young men like him. The old-time Republicans are to vote solidly for the President. While this unanimity of sentiment exists for the President, there is widespread criticism on the part of Republicans over the administrations of Governor Odell. The Governor himself recognizes this and appreciates it to its fullest extent. Forty-three counties which in 1902 gave total pluralities for Governor Odell's re-election of 108,279, gave a year later majorities amounting to 205,394 against Governor Odell's \$101,000,000 Canal Improvement plan. This disapproval of the canal improvement plan was recorded in counties which uniformly have given heavy pluralities to Republican State tickets. The Republicans in these counties make the complaint that the canal improvement plan was carried on election day by heavy majorities in Democratic centres. Just how much weight may be given to the criticisms of the Republicans in these forty-three counties is a subject of dispute. That there are bitter factional disturbances among the Republicans of the State there is no doubt. Many of Senator Platt's old friends believe that he has been supplanted by Governor Odell as leader of the State without just cause. Governor Odell's friends say, on the contrary, that Senator Platt was getting too old for leadership. No matter who is right about this controversy, the fact remains that it has resulted in much bad feeling.

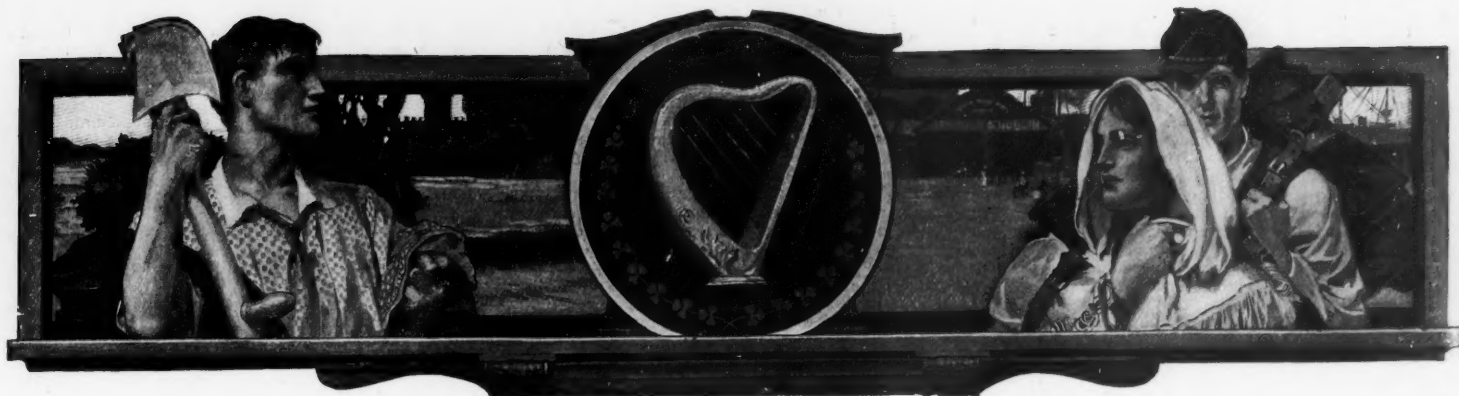
Dissensions in the Democratic Camp

On the other hand, there is just as much ill feeling among the Democrats of the State. Mr. Hill's old friends are of opinion that there is a well-organized movement to send him to the rear. Mr. Hill, taking time by the forelock, has announced his retirement from politics on January 1. The bitterest quarrel, of course, is between Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, and Senator Patrick Henry McCarren, leader of the Kings County Democrats. The Democratic national and State chieftains, though, are inclined to the belief that both Murphy and McCarren, because of the bitterness existing between the two organizations, will see to it that each organization gets out the biggest possible vote for Parker and Davis on election day. Indeed, not a few eminent political experts declare that the size of the Tammany vote for Parker and the size of the Kings County vote for Parker may have a bearing on the future prominence as leaders of both Murphy and McCarren. In addition to this severe quarrel between Murphy and McCarren, there are half a dozen equally bitter factional dissensions among up-State Democratic leaders. Finally, very much depends upon the candidates for Governor to be selected by the two parties. It is common testimony that an out and out Odell man would be offensive to the Republican party of the State, just as an out and out Hill man would be offensive to the Democratic party of the State.



DAVID B. HILL

The former United States Senator and twice Governor of the Empire State was a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination in the Democratic Convention of 1892. For years he has been the pre-eminent Democratic leader of his State



THE NEW IRELAND

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY

This eminent Irish parliamentarian believes his country's good to lie primarily in the conservation of Irish nationality. Through its extraordinarily harmonious character, the late conference between landlords and tenants appears to Mr. McCarthy a sign that conditions of land-holding will prove satisfactory enough to end the flow of emigration so disastrous to Ireland. Invigorated by the growth of her populace; heartened by the revival of national language, literature, sentiments, traditions; secure under a beneficent agrarian system; her manufactures and commerce stimulated by the application of American capital—Ireland will soon look upward to the light of lasting peace, progress, and prosperity

THE coming up of a new Ireland is an event the approach of which is beginning to be recognized by all intelligent and thoughtful minds at the present day. A new Ireland is about to grow up out of the wreck and welter of the past. I shall not in this article invite my readers to enter upon any subjects which involve the discussion of party politics, and I shall treat of Ireland and her prospects merely from the point of view which any one, Irish, English, American, or other, might take when considering the prospects and the possibilities of the country which is the subject of my essay.

But I may begin by assuming as a principle that the coming prosperity of Ireland is to be associated with the maintenance and the acknowledgment of Irish nationality. The most enlightened statesmanship of all countries has at last, I believe, fully and frankly given up the idea that any possible good is to be attained by legislative or other effort at the suppression or the extinction of a nationality.

"Every tongue," says Richter, "is eloquent only in its own language and every heart in its own emotions." There, perhaps, we may find the motto for the principle of nationalities. Only within our own times has the conquering power come to recognize the idea that the greatest mistake conquest can make is when it endeavors to stamp out of the conquered race the sentiments and the sympathies of nationality.

English statesmanship is at last beginning to see and admit that the Irish people must be allowed and encouraged to maintain their own nationality if the island is ever to be prosperous and if the Empire ever is to have peace within its own domains. The principle of nationality has survived in Ireland through all the persevering efforts made during long centuries to extinguish it, and it burns now more brightly than ever it did before. We have ample evidence of this fact, if only in the immense success which has followed the movement in Ireland for a revival of the Gaelic language. That movement at its opening was commonly regarded as the well-meaning and romantic attempt of a few enthusiasts to revive the dead, to bring back the past, to accomplish the impossible.

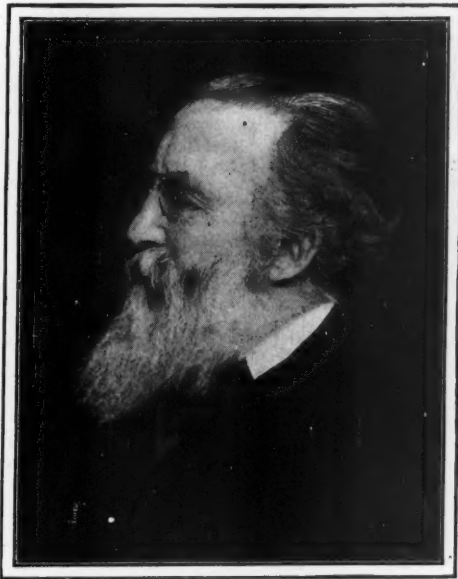
Not only in England, but even in Ireland, most people thus for a time regarded it, only that in Ireland it was met with a feeling of something like sympathy, or at all events of kindly tolerance, and a vague wish that it were possible to hope for some success. But the movement has been growing stronger and wider in its influence every day, and it may by this time be said to have touched the heart of the whole country. The literature of Ireland's past, one might almost say prehistoric days, has come up again alive and fresh, and young men and women in every Irish family are setting themselves to make familiar acquaintance with the ancient language of their country. Now, if I were a British Imperial statesman, I should regard this as a movement to be encouraged, and should feel convinced that its tendency would be not to keep England and Ireland more apart, but to unite them closer and closer in a willing, and therefore an enduring, partnership.

The coming Ireland is, I take it for granted, to be more thoroughly national than ever. We have all read that there were certain classes of English settlers in Ireland during the olden days who, after a while, became more Hibernian than the Hibernians themselves. These English and their descendants were, down to quite modern times, the leaders of every attempt made by the Irish people to resist the unjust and cruel laws passed for Ireland's oppression by the conquering race. These Englishmen and Irishmen fraternized because each understood the feelings of the other, and the Geraldines, as these English settlers were called, and the native Irish would have made Ireland a prosperous country and a contented member of the Empire, if only they had been allowed to work out the task for themselves. I believe we have now arrived at a time when the great majority of intelligent Englishmen will be quite willing to adopt the principles and policy of the Geraldines, and to believe that by encouraging Ireland to maintain her national sentiments and her national ways, they are doing the best in their power to make her a contented member of the Imperial partnership.

I am drawn away from following in this direction my visions as to the coming Ireland by certain accounts which have lately reached me, from which I learn that Englishmen are threatened with an important competition in the creating and the modeling of this new Ireland. This competition, I have been assured, is already

coming from across the Atlantic. What do English readers think of Ireland's becoming a trust in the hands of some enterprising American capitalists? The idea is somewhat startling, no doubt, and perhaps to many Englishmen might seem chimerical and even absurd, but we have lately seen wonderful things done for England and in England by these adventurous and highly practical American capitalists. If American capitalists are to take charge of British passenger traffic on the ocean, it does not seem quite beyond the outer range of possibility that the same potent influence might quietly take in hand the creation of the new Ireland. Let us follow out the idea for a few moments, even if we should be inclined to indulge it in a somewhat fanciful style. I have been told that American capitalists have already fixed their eyes on certain regions and industries of Ireland, the development of which into an ever-growing prosperity and activity only needs the fostering hand of a well-endowed influence.

How if an American trust were to be formed with the object of converting Ireland into a smiling and happy pleasure-ground for the reception of American visitors? How if the country's industrial interests were to be taken charge of by a syndicate of American commercial magnates, in order that the face of the country should be made prosperous and beautiful, that the landscapes should be preserved from the building of overcrowded and ugly tenements, that the whole



JUSTIN MCCARTHY

ruins now constantly threatened with modern invasion should be kept in isolated picturesqueness, and that a happy, thriving peasantry should greet the American visitor, where now he sees only misery and squalor? It would be the purpose of my imaginary American Trust to maintain everything picturesque, beautiful, historic, and national, in the coming Ireland, and to prevent the country from yielding to the ugliness which attends industrial progress in other lands.

The idea of many an intelligent Englishman of the present day is that the true way to make Ireland prosperous and happy must be to reconstitute her, as much as possible, after the model of Birmingham or Blackburn. The idea of my American firm would be to maintain her forever as unlike Birmingham or Blackburn as she could possibly be maintained. This firm would naturally wish to promote the speaking of the Gaelic language, because of the fresh and lively interest which would be given to the American visitor as he met with group after group of educated Irish men and women discoursing in the tongue of the old Irish bards. Think of the exquisite scenes of hill and valley, mountain, rock, river, and ruin which would thus be preserved forever in their own isolated beauty and for

their own sakes. Even the Lakes of Killarney, that marvelous panorama of water, hill, and foliage, not to be surpassed in equal space by anything in Wordsworth's lake country, or in the regions of Maggiore and Como, have been again and again infringed upon by modern disimprovements, and have been threatened more than once lately with serious and hidden invasion. Think what a resting-place of beauty and peace, of poetry and fairy-like witchery, might be made of these three lakes with their arbutus-covered hills and their musical cascades, by the care of some capitalist company who had secured the services of artistic subordinates to keep the whole region as a sanctuary from the incursions and the appliances of modern civilization! Think of the "Pillar Towers"—the Round Towers of mystic origin unseen in any other land! Then there are the ruins on the Rock of Cashel, which ought to be surrounded by nothing but smiling fields, brooklets, and clumps of trees, and preserved as a place of poetic meditation for those who desire a holiday rescued from every reminder and suggestion of commonplace everyday work in counting-house and on Stock Exchange.

I have myself a personal interest from early boyhood's memories with that Blarney Castle which one can now approach by the help of a desecrating light railway. I think I should feel inclined to welcome the domination of the Trust which secured the groves and the ruins from further invasion and protected even the Blarney Stone from being made the butt of cheap trippers' practical jokes. When one has got so far in his imaginings on this point, it is easy to go a little further yet and to get into the state of mind when one might consent to have the whole island consigned to the care of some protecting Trust, which would preserve it from being turned into the mere hunting-ground of the automotor. Then I presume that this idea, Trust would greatly desire to restore to the landscape all the most picturesque pictures of Ireland's legendary life, and to show us the gallowglasses, in their yellow vestments and with their spears, talking in the language of their ancestors, and possibly even—why not?—get up for us on special occasions, by the skill of modern art, some such presentations of the fairy circle and its appropriate midnight dances as some of the oldsters used to see at the Princess's Theatre in London when Charles Kean brought out his famous performance of the "Midsummer-Night's Dream."

But I must pause in my imaginings and become more serious and practical. I hasten then to say that I do not believe any American capitalists really nourish the idea of thus converting Ireland into a purchased or hired showplace for the quiet enjoyment of transatlantic visitors. It may be even necessary to say, for the satisfaction of such graver readers, that I would rather have Ireland allowed to arrange her future for herself, no matter with what difficulties, industrial, political, legislative, and social, she might have to contend, than to think of her as converted by any benevolent despotism, financial, or other, into a showplace for the outer world's holiday-makers. But I have been assured in all seriousness that many American capitalists are already engaged in reasonable and laudable schemes for the development of Ireland's industrial and commercial life, and that if the British Government does not look to itself it will soon find American influence much stronger than that of Britain over the Irish people. Ireland has now arrived at a great crisis in its life history. The emigration from Irish ports and from Liverpool has been growing every year until the population is now only one-half of what it numbered in the days of Daniel O'Connell.

The one great impelling cause of all that continuous flight of Irishmen from their native country has been the existence of that trouble which is commonly described as the Irish Land Question. Ireland is especially an agricultural country, and whatever mining resources she may have have never yet been adequately worked. The capacity of the country for the manufacture of cloths, stuffs, lacework, and all other articles of the same order, was in former days deliberately and systematically discouraged, and even repressed, by the parliamentary legislation of the conquering race. Of course, all these ignoble and criminal systems of legislation have long since passed out of existence, but their evil effects are felt, down to our own day, among the industrial classes of Ireland. Therefore, the energy of what we may call the working population of Ireland has been confined to the tillage of the land. The principles and the laws introduced by the Imperial Parliament for the regulation

of Irish land tenure were such as to make the Irish cottager a perpetual pauper on the land which he himself was tilling. The greatest English political economist of modern times, John Stuart Mill, declared emphatically in one of his books that the Irish cotter tenant was one of the few men in the world who could neither benefit by his industry nor suffer by his improvidence. The reason was plain. The whole soil was the property of the landlord. When the Norman conquest was effected, the whole land-tenure system of Ireland was changed by a sort of revolution. Under the landlord system, which superseded the ancient principle of tenure, the Irish tenant held his land from term to term at the absolute mercy of the landlord, and as soon as he began to make his patch of ground become productive, the landlord raised his rent, and, if he were unwilling or unable to pay promptly, turned him out of his holding and put a new tenant in.

We have had during later generations many legislative attempts made to apply some remedy to this terrible national disorder, but no act of legislation seems up to the present time to have even attempted to deal with its real source. The one great change Ireland needed, so far as her agricultural conditions were concerned, was the change which could settle the peasantry on the land and give to each man the security that he and his family were to have the benefit of their industry, their intelligence, and their toil. Even Gladstone's beneficent legislation did not go deep enough to remove the real troubles of the Irish land-tenure system. Now at last we have come suddenly to a period in the national history when the possibility of a peaceful and prosperous revolution in the whole system seems on the verge of accomplishment.

The Seemingly Impossible is Accomplished

The most important fact in Ireland's industrial history for many generations has been the agreement come to between the representatives of the landlord class and the representatives of the tenant class, as to the terms on which the whole land question of the country could be finally and beneficially settled. Some years ago it would have seemed absolutely impossible to form in one's mind the idea of a conference of landlords and tenants coming together in Ireland to consider terms for an arrangement which should enable the landlord and the tenant to live together on the common soil, the landlord receiving his fair rent for the soil which he owns, and the tenant having the secure ownership of the piece of land he cultivates, on the condition that he pays a fair annual rent for the right of permanent possession. This, however, is exactly what has been accomplished by the conference held between the authorized representatives of both classes and by the terms of the agreement unanimously adopted. If nothing else were for the present to come of this conference, if the legislation founded on its agreement and introduced by the Conservative Government should be prevented by any unhappy mischance from passing into legislation, the complete settlement of the whole Irish land question must nevertheless be regarded as brought distinctly within our sight. We now know what terms the landlords are willing to accept and the tenants are willing to give.

Then again we have the evidence given of Ireland's capacity for the working out of beneficent legislation in the proceedings of the great Irish National Convention lately held in Dublin. This Convention was made up of representatives chosen from all the different parts of Ireland, from cities, towns, villages, and countryside, all freely chosen by the popular voice of each district represented and all engaged for two days in the discussion of questions profoundly affecting the whole future welfare of Ireland. On such questions it was utterly impossible that there should not be difference of opinion. Difference of opinion there was, and it was freely expressed during the two days of debate; but nothing could have been more orderly,

peaceful, and friendly than the whole discussion. The minority in many cases, seeing that they were the minority, and therefore could not claim to represent the general opinion of Ireland, did not even put the Convention to the trouble of a division. Even the London papers most bitterly opposed to the whole principles and proceedings of the National party cordially admitted that nothing could have exceeded the good temper, the intelligence, and the spirit of fair play which prevailed throughout the two days' discussions. Some English visitors declared publicly that they had never before seen so great a popular assembly carry on such a debate in so orderly and good-tempered a style. The same kind of declaration is made in substance by an American and a Canadian who were present, each of whom gave his frank testimony that it would have been hard indeed to rival such an illustration of national capacity for orderly debate at any great popular assembly in Canada or in the United States.

I am not inclined to enter here into any consideration of the purely political questions opened up by this universally admitted acknowledgment of the capacity for peaceful discussion exhibited by the Irish Convention. I dwell upon it only as another evidence of the coming of that new Ireland which it is the object of this article to anticipate. We used to be told, and most of us were compelled sadly to believe, that the Irish landlords and the Irish tenants could never be brought to live together on harmonious terms suitable to the promotion of the common weal, and that the Irish landlords must be deprived of their property or the Irish tenants must be driven, man by man, to seek new homes in America or Australia. Now we find that the chosen representatives of Irish landlordism, including some of the most distinguished noblemen in Ireland, and the representatives of the Irish tenantry, including some of the most advanced and unyielding Nationalist politicians, have been able to meet in a long conference, and reach an absolute and friendly agreement.

Thus, then, as it seems to me, can we see the advance of the coming Ireland; that Ireland is to be in the future the home of the Irish people. There is no other future for the Irish people which any true Irishman could contemplate with satisfaction. It is not enough to be told that the industrious and hard-working man can find a home and a means of comfortable living in a country not his own, and that if he be an Irishman of any capacity he can win a position and a name in some far-off land. It does not reconcile Nationalists to the depopulation of their country to be reminded that Irishmen can win wealth and fame in England and can take service with distinction in foreign armies and navies; to be told that an Irishman may be a municipal boss in the City of New York, or may hold high office in an Australian administration. We want our beautiful island tenanted by its own people, its waste spaces brought into culture, its towns and cities surrounded by a happy suburban population, living in pleasant and cultured homes, and the whole resources of the soil developed to their fullest capacity.

Irish Life and Irish Romance

The Irish people are especially qualified to enjoy life on their own soil if only allowed the chance, and to bring out in fulness the intellectual as well as the material resources of the coming Ireland. There is a deep undercurrent of the poetic and the artistic in the Irish nature which the stranger can easily discover for himself, even among the Irish peasantry, if he enters freely into conversation with them and encourages them to talk about the memories and legends still haunting their lakes and streams. Such a people could indeed create for themselves a new Ireland, and there is no extravagance in the hope that the new Ireland would become, before very long, a model land of material comfort, of mental growth, and of tranquil and brotherly order. Then, indeed, we should have the visitation of strangers from all parts of the

world, and the American capitalist might find a new and quite unselfish interest in studying with his own eyes the growth of that newly risen civilization.

For many generations we used to hear incessantly of the hopeless discord prevailing between Ulster and the other provinces of Ireland. During the conference on the Land Question there was to be found among the representatives of the tenantry an Ulster member of Parliament, an inveterate Tory in political opinions, Mr. T. W. Russell, sitting in close companionship with men like John Dillon and William O'Brien, and maintaining just the same views as they did with regard to the final settlement of the question. An Irish poet, in the days just preceding Forty-eight, wrote some verses which declared "Why Ulster e'er should Munster fear, can only wake our wonder." Now we have already come to a time when Ulster and Munster, Leinster and Connaught, the landlords and the tenants alike, are in full and happy agreement on the one great social and industrial question most closely concerning the welfare of the nation. The old discords which were the curse of so many generations are dying out at last, and we can already see that the new Ireland will be able to settle its internal differences, whatever they may be, in a spirit of enlightened mutual concession. This present year is especially marked out, every Irish Nationalist may hope, as a momentous and auspicious epoch in the progress toward such a consummation.

Mangan, the National Poet

The year 1903 was the centenary of the birth of James Clarence Mangan, the Irish national poet, who interpreted the feelings and the genius of his country as truly and as thrillingly as Irish poet has ever done. Mangan was still a powerful influence over Irish sentiment in the days of Forty-eight, which only just preceded his early death. He was a marvelously skilful translator from German and other foreign poets, the very cadence of whose verse he was able to reproduce in the melody of his own lines. But his own especial gift was in the rendering of old-time Irish national songs, and in the blending of their emotions into the subjects which aroused the interest and the enthusiasm of the living Ireland around him. One of Mangan's most famous songs is "Dark Rosaleen" which professes to be in the main a translation into English of a passionate, hopeful, prayerful song composed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen" is inspired by the most rapturous love for his country and faith in her coming destiny. I need hardly say that Dark Rosaleen is the impersonation of the poet's native land. He tells us that—

"The judgment hour must first be nigh
E'er you can fade, e'er you can die,
My dark Rosaleen."

And he exclaims:

"The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for your love."

Yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen,
And you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen."

The whole poem might be taken as the lyrical and inspired forecast of the coming Ireland. I know of no Irish song or hymn, as I may call it, which is more thoroughly steeped in passionate national feeling, or which expresses with greater enthusiasm the undying national hope.

An eminent English statesman, who once held high position in a Government and had studied closely the condition of Ireland, told me some years ago that if he had his way he would never agree to the appointment of any man to be Chief Secretary for Ireland who could not satisfy him that he thoroughly understood the meaning of "Dark Rosaleen."

The centenary of Mangan's birth was recently celebrated by his countrymen, and I accept that event as the herald of the coming Ireland.

KUROPATKIN'S RETREAT ON MUKDEN

Special Cable Despatch from JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD, Collier's War Correspondent with the Russian Forces

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Yentai, the place from which this despatch was sent, is a small Manchurian town on the main line of the railroad about one-third of the distance from Liao-Yang to Mukden. Mr. Archibald, as will be seen, was an eyewitness to the battle at Liao-Yang and to the ensuing retreat of the Russians. His article describing the historic event and the photographs taken during the week of the battle ought to reach this office in time for publication in the latter part of October

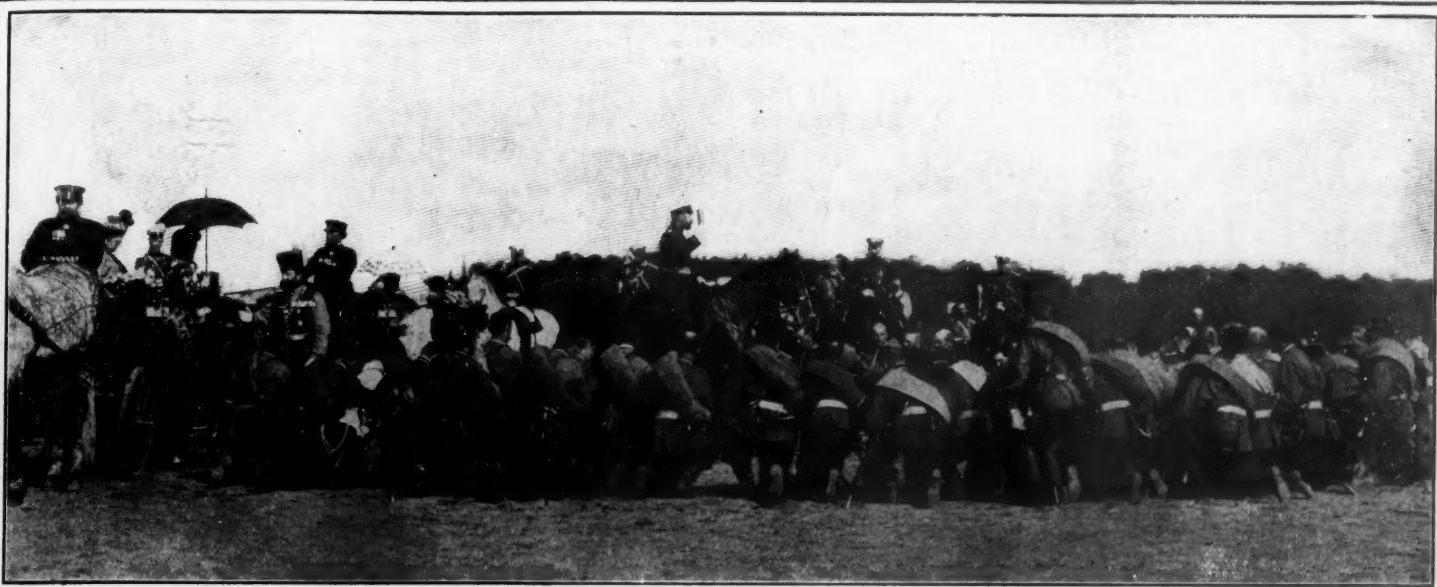
YENTAI via PEKING, September 6

THE greatest battle of the war is now raging about Liao-Yang. It will probably be the decisive action of the campaign. The entire Russian army is fighting against enormously superior forces, from exceedingly bad positions. General Kuropatkin is holding the enemy in check. He evacuated Liao-Yang yesterday completely. Two conditions now confront him. First, defeat and the loss of his entire army, thus ending the war; second, the possibility of holding his position on both flanks while allowing the withdrawal of his guns. A continuous stream of transport wagons and troops has been moving north along the railroad for the last five days. The guns, infantry, and cavalry must follow on roads deep with mud. The battle has been raging furiously for five days, the Japanese keeping up an incessant artillery fire. It is the heaviest ever seen by any military man present. From one position alone I counted seventy shots a minute. I was with the Seventeenth Army Corps yesterday on the extreme left when the enemy made the turning movement, which was almost successful. The Russian defence was heroic. Entire battalions were annihilated. The Japanese were endeavoring to form a junction at Yentai, a small station mid-

way between Mukden and Liao-Yang. If they had been successful they would have surrounded the Russians and cut off their communications with the centre, seventeen miles away. The entire Russian force is still fighting. The batteries keep up an incessant fire until after midnight every night. The sky is brilliant with bursting shrapnel. The enemy is close around Liao-Yang. They have destroyed the Russian town and railroad station by bombardment. The native town is unhurt. The Russians burned the bridge north of Liao-Yang at three o'clock yesterday morning. I was in Liao-Yang Thursday when the Japanese began their bombardment. They mounted heavy batteries on the nearby hills and blanketed the entire town with bursting shells. Their marksmanship was perfect. Meanwhile the Russians were conducting the evacuation of the town. In moving the wounded from hospitals one Sister of Mercy was killed and seven Sisters were wounded while actually dressing the wounds of men who had fallen in the streets. Near the railroad station where the concentrated fire was hottest, the heroism of the Sisters was magnificent. They tore their skirts and used them as bandages for the wounded, and themselves carried stricken men from the zone of fire and out of the burning

buildings. I left Liao-Yang on the last train which carried the last of the wounded to the general hospitals. No wounded were left in Liao-Yang, although many died on the train. It was impossible to leave even the worst cases, owing to the destructive shell-fire of the Japanese. For the last two days I have been with the Seventeenth Army Corps where General Kuropatkin commanded in person. The scenes in the field were awful. Soldiers were so completely worn out that they dropped asleep on the firing line. Box-cars loaded with wounded are going north continually—trains of fifty and sixty cars with men whose wounds received only such dressing as could be applied in the field. The losses on the Russian side will probably exceed thirty thousand. The evacuation of all of the Manchurian towns, including Mukden, is happening so unexpectedly that the rush borders on a panic. The people are carrying away only their valuables and light baggage, while the army is taking everything. The railroads are congested, but seem to be running well. Even switch engines are being used to pull trains. The wounded are considered first of all and above everything else. On account of the retreat, all the trains run in one direction half a day and then return for more wounded.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR K. BULLA. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY



THE CZAR BLESSING THE OFFICERS OF THE KASPY REGIMENT WITH AN IKON, ON THEIR DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT

PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN NAUT. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY



VICEROY ALEXIEFF LEAVING THE HOSPITAL AT MUKDEN AFTER A VISIT TO THE WOUNDED

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES F. J. ARCHBOLD. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY



ADMINISTERING COMMUNION TO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS BEFORE THE DEPARTURE OF A TRAIN THAT IS TO TAKE THEM TO THE FIRING LINE

SIDELIGHT SCENES IN RUSSIA'S DESPERATE STRUGGLE



THE SEASON'S SPORTS AND SOME OF THEIR NEEDS

By WALTER CAMP

THE year 1904 has seen many remarkable developments in the athletic line, of which the most striking have been the winning of the English amateur golf championship by an American, and the victory in London of the American team of college athletes representing Yale and Harvard over a combined team representing Oxford and Cambridge. But outside of these contests there has been enough to make the year one of interest, and in most respects one of improvement, among the amateurs, especially in college performances.

And yet there are certain problems pressing for solution which should engage the most conscientious attention of those who have the interests of each particular sport at heart.

TRACK ATHLETICS

In track athletics the season opened with the Annual Relay Games held by the University of Pennsylvania on Franklin Field. Among the individual star performances was the throwing of the 16-pound shot by the

the games, as there always are in international contests. The one that appealed most strongly to the American sense of humor was that regarding tickets. The Yale-Harvard management, of course, wanted to see that some 100 or so good seats were reserved for the Yale and Harvard men who wished to see the games. The Englishmen reported that they had reserved 100 seats for this purpose, but it turned out that the English management regarded any American who applied for tickets as a Yale-Harvard representative, and consequently 90 of the 100 tickets were sold to Americans abroad, leaving but 10 for the Yale and Harvard men. However, the Englishmen came nobly to the front and built another small stand near the finish, so that the college men were accommodated after all.

In track athletics one of the chief questions of interest is whether the Intercollegiate Meet, which now has a day for preliminary contests, can be shortened so that it will occupy but one day. There are many advocates of the one-day method, but the majority still hold that the preliminary day is a necessity, and it is certainly true that it will take a good deal of study to so arrange as to give contestants a fair chance in this one great blue ribbon opportunity of the year if the contest should be narrowed down to a single day. On the other hand, the Faculties of colleges whose teams compete—and in fact a good many of the men and coaches themselves—would like to see any fair method that could be devised which would bring the contests down to one day.

The Olympic games were held in St. Louis under the management of James E. Sullivan, the chief of the Bureau of Physical Culture of the Louisiana Exposition, and, thanks to his experience and indefatigable work, were brought off on a good track and under most favorable conditions. The race in which the greatest public interest centered was what is known as the Marathon race—forty kilometres. In this race eighteen Americans, nine Greeks, two Kaffirs, and one Cuban started. The race as a race was of no interest, for Hicks, Y. M. C. A. Cambridge, won by more than five minutes, in 3 h. 28 m. 53 s.

Every of the New York Athletic Club made a new world's record in the standing broad jump of 11 feet 4 1/4 inches, while Fillman of the New York Athletic Club broke the 400-metre record, made by Long in Paris in 1901, which stood at 49 2-5 seconds, and covered the distance in 49 1-5. Flanagan of the Greater New York A. A. bettered his Olympic Paris record by 5 inches with a throw of 168 feet 1 inch. Hahn of the Milwaukee Athletic Club tied Kraenzlein's time made at Paris in the 60 metres (7 seconds), and established a new record in the 200-metre dash of 21 3/4 seconds.

Ralph Rose of the University of Michigan made a new world's record of 48 feet 7 inches in the shot put.

Pericles Lakonris, a Greek, won the bar-bell event by raising 246 pounds with both hands. M. J. Sheridan of the New York Athletic Club broke his own world's record discus throw with a throw of 132 feet. In the 800-metre run Lightbody of Chicago won in 1 minute 56 seconds, eclipsing the old Olympic record of 2 minutes 1 2-5 seconds made by the late A. E. Tysoe at Paris in 1900. Harry L. Hillman won the 200-metre hurdle race in 24 3-5 seconds, which beat the old record of 25 2-5 seconds made by A. C. Kraenzlein at Paris in 1900. Prinstein of the G. N. Y. Irish A. A. cleared 24 feet 1 inch in the running broad jump, and this is 5 1/4 inches better than the Olympic record made by Kraenzlein at Paris.

ROWING

INTERCOLLEGIATE rowing gained a new stimulus through the victory of an outside university, namely Syracuse, in two of the three races, at Poughkeepsie, while at New London Yale defeated Harvard in the varsity and freshman races. In the four-oar event Yale



Syracuse Varsity Crew, victor on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie over Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Georgetown, and Wisconsin

Michigan giant, Rose, a distance of 48 feet 3 1/2 inches. This was done after his regular putting, however, and did not, therefore, establish a record. Hahn of Michigan in a very pretty 100-yard dash defeated Schick of Harvard, who later in the year defeated the Englishman Barclay.

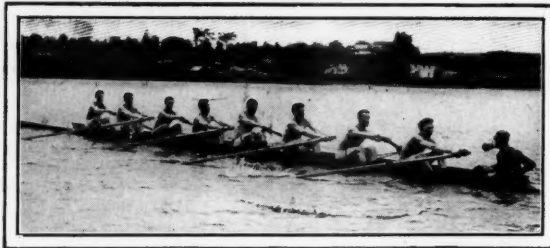
In the regular relays, the interest was particularly well sustained, Yale winning the mile, but losing the four-mile to Michigan in a heart-breaking finish, wherein Kellogg, the Westerner, outfooted and outlasted Parsons, the Yale man.

These contests only whetted the appetite of track enthusiasts for the various dual games, and especially for the Intercollegiate Meet. This latter was, after some years of consideration and discussion, transferred from New York to Philadelphia, and in that city it took place at Franklin Field the end of May. Although the contest in the preliminaries and in the early part of the final day promised a close finish, by the time the games were two-thirds over it was apparent that, unless the unexpected occurred, Yale would win by a considerable margin, which in the end she did.

The principal feature of the year in connection with this branch of sport was the greater number of good performers, and especially a marked improvement in broad-jumping and pole-vaulting. The number of really first-class performers in these events has increased very materially.

As a suitable finale to the year, Oxford and Cambridge challenged Yale and Harvard to a contest at the Queen's Club Grounds, London, consisting of nine events: 100-yard dash; quarter-mile, half-mile, mile, and two-mile runs, and broad and high jumps, throwing the hammer, and 120-yard hurdle race. The Americans accepted and were successful in winning six of the nine events, the only races going to the Englishmen being the half-mile, mile, and two-mile runs.

There were one or two amusing experiences connected with



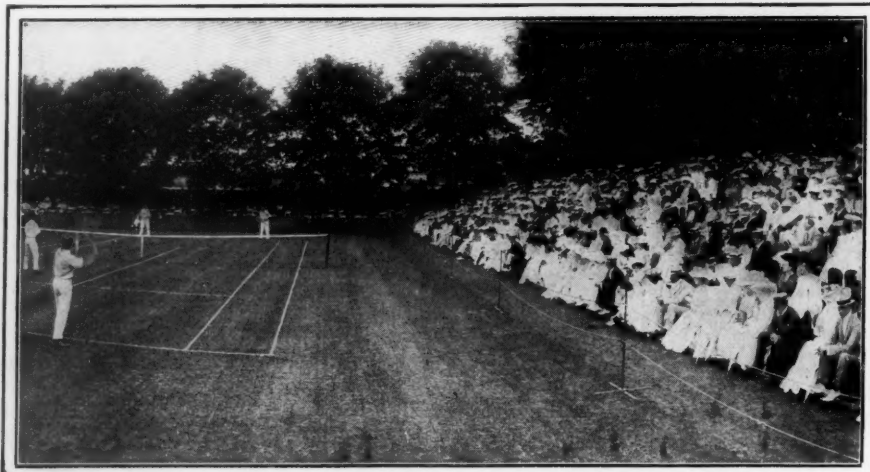
Yale's victorious Varsity Eight, which defeated the Harvard crew in the annual race on the Thames at New London

also held the lead by a considerable margin, but the break of an outrigger just before the finish caused this shell to drift over the line behind Harvard. The freshman was the only real race that was worth going a long way to see, for the two crews got off together, were never separated by clear water, and for the last half-mile both kept up a continuous spurt at the very limit of their powers, Yale winning by less than a quarter of a length.

Following the conclusion of the rowing season there has been a renewal of the discussion as to professional coaches and their value, but not many new arguments have been advanced on either side. The thing that interests the public and general college contingent far more is the general management of affairs at the regattas. This year the Poughkeepsie regatta was well managed and the races brought off on time and to the satisfaction of the crowd. The New London regatta, on the other hand, was mismanaged from start to finish, so much so that criticism was very severe, and the New London race undoubtedly lost many of its friends. The

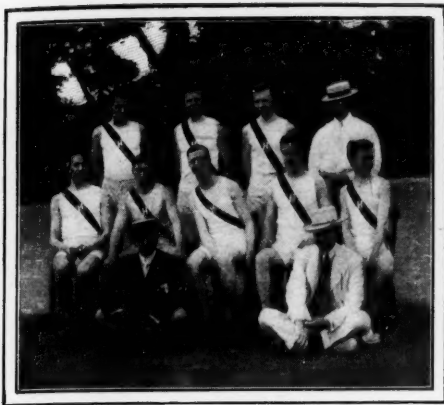
general trouble started originally in the failure of a launch, followed by the slowness of the freshman crews in getting out. Even then, however, the four-oared contest could have been brought off immediately on conclusion of the freshman race, and it is probable that had all the races been rowed on time, there would have been no boats swamped or really incommoded by rough water. In fact, an English oarsman who has rowed in more than one Oxford-Cambridge race on the Thames said that he had never rowed a race in smoother water than prevailed on the New London Thames when the races were postponed. The referee certainly should have sent out the boats, but behind it all there was probably a feeling in both the Harvard and Yale quarters that the crews were good ones and ought to have smooth water for a chance of record making.

At Poughkeepsie previous to the race newspapers and



FINALS IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLES AT NEWPORT

Wright and Ward, who are playing in the centre on the far side of the net, won from Collins and Little



HARVARD'S INTERNATIONAL TEAM

Athletes who helped to win the American victory in the dual games with the Oxford-Cambridge team

critics reported the chances as favoring Cornell two to one against the field, the other crews being fancied in the following order: Wisconsin, Georgetown, Pennsylvania, Columbia, and last Syracuse.

Yet Syracuse won decisively. The times were Syracuse, 20:22 3-5, 2½ lengths ahead of Cornell, 20:31½; Pennsylvania, 20:42; Columbia, 20:45 2-5; Georgetown, 20:52 2-5; Wisconsin, 21:01 1-5. Record: Cornell, 1901, 18:53 1-5. Syracuse's average age was 22¼, Demster, her No. 5, being 27 years of age. The average height was 6 feet and weight 165½ pounds. Pennsylvania was very close to Syracuse, the average age being 21¾, height 6 feet 17 inches, and weight 166½ pounds.

The New London race was a test of outside coaching. While Yale continued on the old lines, at Cambridge a new system was tried. Mr. Colson, former captain and coxswain of the Cornell crew, was engaged to coach the Harvard crews for this season, and he took the men in charge in mid-winter and worked on them steadily up to the race. In the early part of the season, owing to the introduction of new methods, the outlook was far from promising. The work was ragged and the exaggerated slowness of the recover was such as to make many sceptical. But with the middle of May a good deal of light began to break upon the critics as they saw the Harvard crew row certainly far more easily than had former crews, and with less check to the boat. Harvard's greatest weakness for several years lay in the check between strokes caused by rapid or careless recover, and those who argued most strongly on this point have given frequently as evidence the fact that in many of the races Yale has defeated Harvard in the last two miles. But a week or ten days before the race Harvard commenced to go back, individual peculiarities to once more manifest themselves, and the race was but a procession after all.

The introduction of what is known as the Cornell stroke at Cambridge has been attributed to several different influences. There is a story going that the Harvard second crew, when it was so terribly beaten at Ithaca last May by the Cornell second crew, and also by the Syracuse second crew, became so impressed by the slow recover of the Ithacans as to make experiments with it in the waters of the Erie Canal on their way back, and then put it somewhat into effect on their final return to Cambridge, in which trial it showed up very well in comparison with the work of the varsity at that time. Another theory advanced was that Professor White, the new chairman of the Harvard Athletic Committee, who was a former professor at Cornell, was responsible for securing Mr. Colson and starting the Cornell stroke at Harvard. Still another was that Mr. Courtney, who came on a year or so ago and gave Harvard some advice in the matter of rowing, paved the way for Mr. Colson's eventually taking up the work there. However this may be, and through whatever causes Harvard came to the engagement of Mr. Colson, there is no doubt but that his work on that particular point of the Harvard stroke has been of very considerable service, and that they may make far more dangerous crews on that account than they have been of late years. Mr. Colson had an impossible task, however, in that many of the men



MISS MAY SUTTON

The California girl who defeated all the women tennis players in the East

he had must have remembered their former teaching, or rather lack of teaching, in this respect, and dropped back into bad habits in the excitement of the race or in the forcing of the stroke to a higher point.

One should make mention of the excellent work of Scholes, the Canadian, in winning the Diamond Sculls at Henley and breaking all records.

BASEBALL

THE baseball season has demonstrated to the satisfaction of all that the American public still regards this as the national game and is ready to support it whenever properly played. Professional and amateur ranks have both felt the increased interest in affairs of the diamond.

In Eastern college baseball, Princeton succeeded in winning two out of three games from Yale, and Harvard did the same, but Princeton won her single contest with Harvard. While it has been once more shown that college infielders occasionally play quite as brilliantly as the professional players, they do not compare with them in covering ground in the outfield nor in hitting. There will be an opportunity of seeing how the college pitcher can perform in professional ranks in that both Clarkson of Harvard and Lynch of Brown, two of the best of the college pitchers, are now in the professional ranks.

The question still before the house in college circles is that of summer baseball, and it bids fair to be satisfactorily thrashed out in the next year or two. It is quite silly to make any rules that will prevent a man who enjoys the game of baseball from playing it in the two months most appropriate to the sport, namely July and August, simply because he has had the misfortune to play well enough to get on his varsity nine. The establishment of any standard which will forbid such a man's playing merely friendly baseball during July and August is ridiculous. On the other hand, no man should be permitted to represent his university on a nine who in any way violates the amateur rule or accepts any



WALTER CLARKSON, FORMER HARVARD PITCHER

Who, after leaving college, went into professional baseball. He is now pitching in the American League

emolument during the summer for his prowess. It would seem as though rules could be made which should admit of a satisfactory solution of this problem.

TENNIS

THE most remarkable feature of the tennis season was the work of Miss May Sutton, the California girl who, having found no more contestants to defeat on the Pacific Coast, journeyed East for new worlds to conquer, and proved herself complete mistress of the occasion, none of the women players being able to cope with her and most of them fortunate indeed if they could win a game or two.

The failure of the Dohertys to come over for the annual championship at Newport brought disappointment, but the championship contest finally rewarded Holcombe Ward for his persistent and consistent work of the last two years. It was the general belief that the championship would lie between Larned and Clothier, with a good chance for Beals Wright, and only a possibility of Ward; but it finally narrowed down to Larned, Clothier, and Ward, and, just as every one was preparing to hail Clothier as the champion because of his defeat of Larned, Ward came up and defeated Clothier.

Generally throughout the country tennis has increased in interest, as it did last year, and has taken many of those who were for a time deserters to the golf course back into the ranks.

In this sport we still have more brilliant performers than a long list of good average men, but we have cer-



THE PRINCETON VARSITY BASEBALL NINE

Both Princeton and Harvard won two out of three of their games with Yale. Princeton won the single game she had with Harvard



YALE'S TRACK TEAM IN ENGLAND

The Harvard-Yale team was successful in the sprints and field events but was outclassed in the long-distance runs

tainly profited from the visits of the Dohertys, and they will be welcome again next year, when some day we hope to be able to defeat them, even in doubles.

GOLF

In golf the entire field of American players has taken on new dignity and self-esteem through Walter J. Travis's success in winning the English amateur championship. Travis has been in a class by himself here for some time, and, although suffering an occasional defeat, has been admittedly master of all fields in the States. At this writing neither the amateur championship nor the Glen Echo Olympian championship has been played. But, in spite of the commanding lead of Travis, it is manifest that the general class of play has improved very much in this country in the last two years.

In golf the point most open for discussion is an arrangement for championships that shall ensure the best men's winning out. Shall it be all match play, or a qualifying round at medal play, and how many holes shall the qualifying round consist of, and what shall be the number to which the contest must narrow itself down on the first day? With our big fields it seems impossible to get on without medal qualifying rounds, and unless some method is devised of various sectional championships, or of insisting upon a certain standard of play in order to be admitted, then certainly qualifying rounds are a necessity.

POLO

WHILE to one judging merely by the number of entries for championships the impression would come that the game is decreasing in interest, it has in reality gone the other way. There are many young players coming up who have taken on the game within the last few years and who are making steady improvement with it. It is the fostering of this class of players that should appeal to the Association, and it will probably not be long before the junior championship will be playing with teams limited to 10 goals instead of 16.

Collegians are taking up the game, and there are far more local teams in various towns scattered through the country. The more young players have an opportunity of contesting, not necessarily with those who play no better than themselves, but with players comparatively near their class, the greater prospect there is of their continuing in the game and making improvement. Like all sports, a certain number of experts or first-class players adds very materially to the education of a new man; but to take a team like Myopia, Dedham, Rockaway, and others, and play them against a team of low handicap men is so embarrassing for the low handicap men that the additional goals are of little moment. It is exactly the same as putting an ordinary fairly good tennis player against men like Larned, Clothier, Ward, or the Dohertys.

Another problem in polo is the ponies, and that will always be a difficulty incident to the sport. It costs a deal of money to carry a good string of ponies, and ponies make the difference. Not even a good player can do himself justice unless properly mounted.



WALTER J. TRAVIS

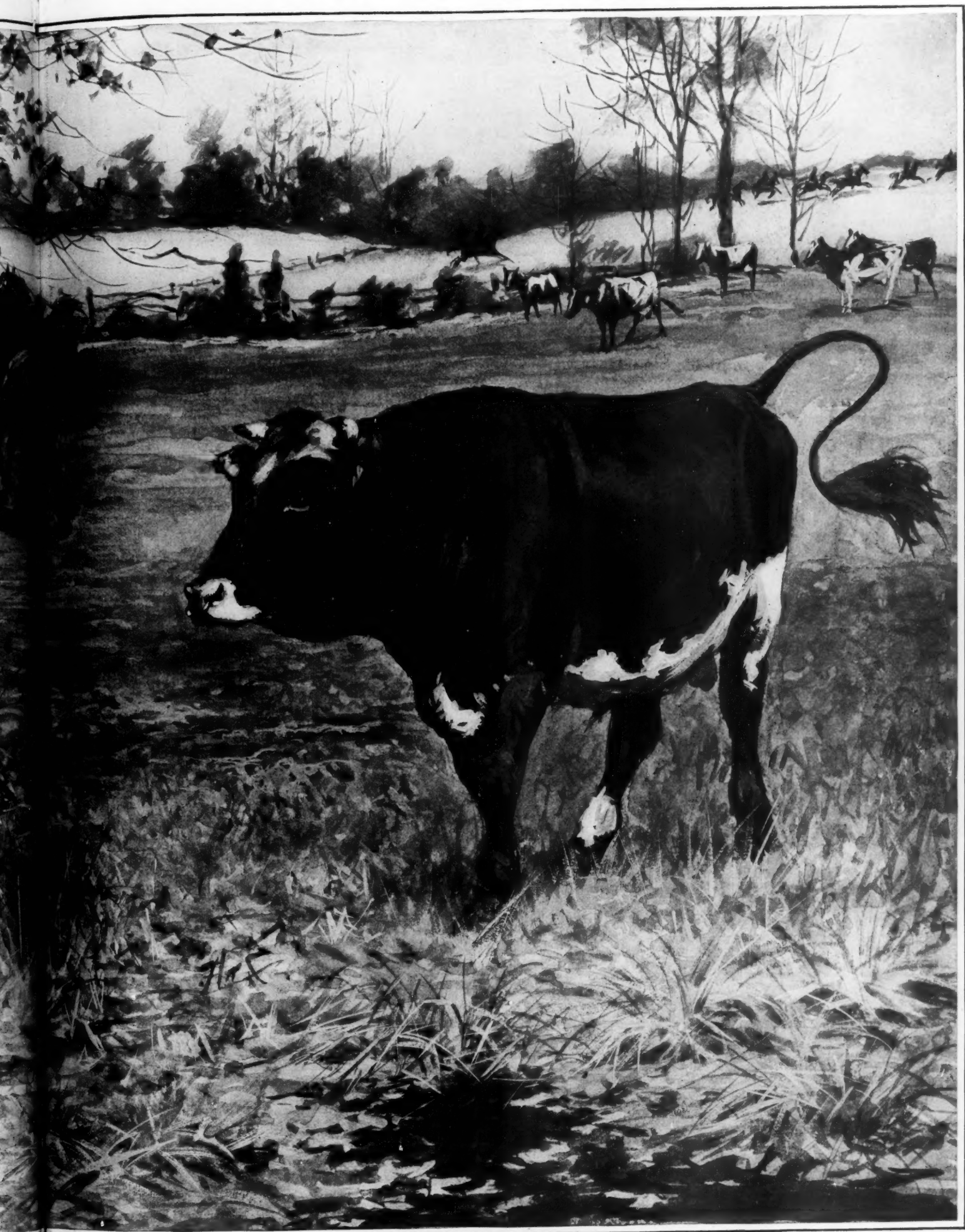
The American player who won the English amateur golf championship



THERE ARE TIMES WHEN RE C

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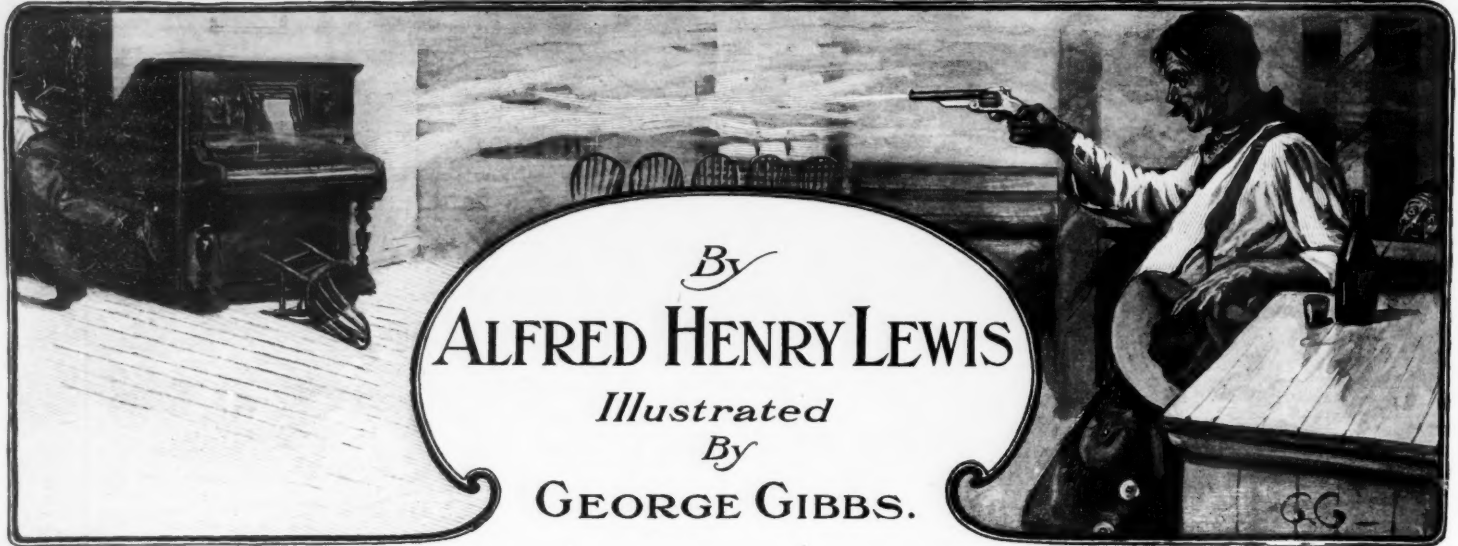
September 17 1904



RED COATS ARE EMBARRASSING

BY B. FROST

THE FATAL GRATITUDE OF MR. KELLY



IT WAS at the election following the one which made Mr. Masterson Sheriff of Ford County that Mr. Kelly, proprietor of the Alhambra, became Mayor of Dodge. Mr. Masterson, aside from being a natural captain of men, had had his genius for strategy ripened as a scout-pupil of the great Ben Clark during the Cheyenne wars, and on this ballot occasion contributed deeply to the victory of Mr. Kelly. Mr. Masterson came forward and withstood certain Mexicans who otherwise would have exercised the ballot to Mr. Kelly's disadvantage. The Mexicans belonged with the Cross-K brand, which had its range across the river, and since Mr. Walker, proprietor of the Cross-K, was an enemy of Mr. Kelly, they were rightfully regarded by Mr. Masterson as tools of the opposition. Mr. Masterson urged, and with justice, that an extension of the franchise to Mexicans would be subversive of good morals and offensive to the purer sentiment of Dodge.

"This is, or should be," said Mr. Masterson, "a white man's government, and how long, I ask, will it survive if Mexicans be permitted a voice in its affairs? If we are going to take the limit off in this ridiculous fashion, we might as well send for Bear Shield's band of Cheyennes over on the Cimarron, and tell them to get into the game. To grant Mexicans the right to vote is to make preposterous that freedom for which our fathers fought and bled and died, and should republican institutions be thus trailed in the dust I see nothing for it but an appeal to arms."

This long speech was made to the judges of election, who were fair men and friends of Mr. Kelly. There were ten of the Mexicans and the contest was close; the judges remembered these things, and the position taken by Mr. Masterson in defence of an unsullied suffrage was sustained.

"It wasn't worth a battle," explained Mr. Walker, in later comment on Mr. Masterson's oration, "or I might have called that bluff of Bat's about an appeal to arms."

When Mr. Kelly was inaugurated in the discharge of his high trust, his earliest feeling was one of favor to Mr. Masterson; for his majority had been but five, and Mr. Kelly was a grateful man. The situation at a first blink baffled the friendship of Mr. Kelly. What could he do for Mr. Masterson? The latter, as Sheriff of Ford, already held an office superior even to that of Mr. Kelly. Clearly, Mr. Masterson was beyond and above the touch of his gratitude, and though it stood on tiptoe, he must sit down and suffer a sense of obligation which he could not discharge. These truths came home to him after hours of profound thought, and he sighed as he reflected on his helplessness.

But Mr. Kelly was enterprising, and gratitude is as apt as necessity itself to sharpen the edge of invention. That debt he owed Mr. Masterson had not borne upon him two days before he began to see a way in which he might return the other's friendly deeds upon his head. As mayor, Mr. Kelly under the State law could construct the post of marshal. The town had never had such an officer. Thus far it had needed none, for Mr. Masterson, in his good-natured way, had stepped outside the strict duties of his place as Sheriff, and, without money and without price, acted the part of marshal. In the latter rôle, as honorable as it was perilous, Mr. Masterson's six-shooters were already looked upon by Dodge as the local palladium.

Mr. Kelly, mayor, decided that he would create the post of marshal, at a round stipend to him who should hold it. Also he would name as such functionary Mr. Masterson's brother Ed. When Mr. Kelly had completed this plan he rewarded himself with four fingers of Old Jordan; a glow overspread his countenance as he considered that he might thus requite the generous interference of Mr. Masterson concerning those Cross-K

Mexicans, who if their pernicious purpose had not been frustrated would have defeated him of his mayoralty.

Mr. Masterson was not in Dodge when this kindly resolution was reached by Mr. Kelly, being over on Crooked Creek in quest of stolen mules. It thus befell that Mr. Kelly could not consult with him touching that marshalship and the exaltation of his brother. On second thought, Mr. Kelly did not regret the absence of Mr. Masterson; that marshalship would be a pleasant bit of news wherewith to greet him when, weary and saddle-worn, he rode in with those lost mules and the scalp of the outcast who had so cut their hobbles and feloniously taken them to himself. Still, Mr. Kelly would seek advice; this was merest caution, for the jealous West is prone to resent a novelty in its destinies which descends upon it as a surprise. The word, therefore, was sent throughout Dodge by our careful magistrate that he meditated a marshal, with Ed Masterson as the man.

Mr. Wright of the outfitting store approved the scheme; likewise did Mr. Short of the Long Branch, and Mr. Trask, who owned the freight teams working between Dodge and the Panhandle. Mr. Webster of the Alamo, and Mr. Peacock of the Dance Hall, were understood to disapprove the design. As for Mr. Walker of the Cross-K, his condemnation became open, and he was heard to loudly proclaim it across the Alamo bar. "And," concluded the bitter Mr. Walker, replacing his empty glass on the counter, "if the Masterson family is goin' to be sawed on to this community in a body, I for one am ready to pull my freight."

"Well," casually observed Mr. Short, who had dropped in from the Long Branch to note how a rival trade progressed, "I've always held that pullin' your freight was safer than pullin' your gun."

"Perhaps I'll pull both," retorted Mr. Walker.

Mr. Walker, however, did not press the conversation to extremes. Mr. Short was a warm adherent of Mr. Masterson; moreover, he had killed a gentleman in Tombstone for merely claiming the privilege of counting the cards. True, that person of inquiring mind had set forth his desire for information with a six-shooter, and as Mr. Short was back of the box at the time, and the bullets were addressed to him personally, his retort was upheld by all disinterested men. None the less, the ready completeness of the reply made for the dignity and Western standing of Mr. Short, and Mr. Walker, who knew the story, felt no ambition to go with him to the bottom of Mr. Kelly's new policy of a marshal.

When Mr. Kelly heard how Mr. Wright and Mr. Short and Mr. Trask applauded, he said that the affair was settled; those gentlemen were his friends. Messrs. Walker and Webster and Peacock were of the opposition, and Mr. Kelly was too good an executive to listen to his enemies. He would name Ed Masterson marshal; to the end that Mr. Masterson witness his brother's elevation he would defer it as a ceremony until Mr. Masterson's return.

It was four days later when Mr. Masterson came in with those wandering mules and the particulars concerning the last moments of the bandit that stole them, who it seems had opposed a Winchester to Mr. Masterson in the discharge of his duty. Following hard on his return, Mr. Masterson strode into the Alhambra with the purpose of restoring himself and conquering a fatigue incident to his late labors. It was then that Mr. Kelly laid open those changes contemplated in the official list of Dodge which were to work advantage for his brother. To his amazement Mr. Masterson, on receipt of the information, became the picture of dismay.

"Why, Bat," exclaimed Mr. Kelly, alarmed by Mr. Masterson's evident disturbance, "ain't the idee all right?"

"Worst in the world," groaned Mr. Masterson. "Has Ed heard?"

"Shore," replied Mr. Kelly; "I naturally told him the first flash out o' the box. Bob Wright says it's a beautiful scheme; so does Short."

"I know, Kell," said Mr. Masterson wearily, "and no doubt Bob and Luke believe it's the thing to do. But they don't know Ed; he's no more fit to be marshal than I am to join the Church."

"Oh come, Bat," cried Mr. Kelly, evincing a critical disbelief; "no gamer hand than Ed ever buckled on a gun!"

"That's it," returned Mr. Masterson. "Ed's too game. He's so game it obscures his judgment. Those outlaws from below will study him, and in the wind-up they'll outwit him. It's four for one that if you make Ed marshal he won't last the year. Some of those murderers will down him sure."

"I can't understand, Bat; you told me yourself that when you an' Ed was killin' buffalo down on the Canadian with Billy Dixon, Ed was the best shot that ever went on the range. An' the quickest."

"Quick, and as dead to a centre with either a Sharp's or a Colt's as you could put your finger! There's no discount on Ed's gun-play, and so I tell you now! The trouble lies inside Ed; he's too easy, too ready for a talk, and he can't read his man. Injuns and Mexicans. Yes, I'd trust Ed to take a six-shooter and report favorably on twenty at a clatter. But a white man is too cunning. Those killers that come over the Jones and Plummer trail will throw him off his guard. There's the loose screw; he's guileless. If it's a case of white man, he doesn't know when to shoot. It's as I tell you; make Ed marshal and he'll never see another summer."

"But what can I do? I've already told him."

"Yes," returned Mr. Masterson with a sigh, "and he's as obstinate as a badger. You've got the notion planted in Ed's head, and you couldn't shoot it out with a buffalo gun! The way you've put the cards in the box, Kell, there's nothing to do but appoint him. I can see the finish though!"

And Mr. Masterson shook a dejected head.

Within the fortnight following Mr. Kelly's investment of Ed Masterson with authority as Marshal of Dodge there arose an incident which went far to uphold the theory of Mr. Masterson. It was made plain even to the dullest mind that Marshal Ed Masterson was too thoughtless to secure a best and for himself a safest result in the discharge of his official duties.

The proof came in the broad glare of an afternoon when the unblinking sun was still four hours high. A lonesome stranger had sought the Dance Hall, and finding that temple of mirth deserted, the desolation of the place weighed heavily upon him. Smitten of the hope of adding vivacity to the scene and rendering it more cheerful, the stranger pulled his pistol and shot into the upright piano which reposed at the far end of the room. The stranger put three bullets through and through the instrument, and as each cut a string the deficiencies thus arranged were found later to mar the production of those galops and quicksteps and mazurkas upon which Dodge depended in hours of revelry.

Mr. Peacock, who took to the sidewalk when the lonesome stranger produced his pistol, called aloud upon Marshal Ed Masterson for aid. That officer responded and stepped into the dance hall as the lonesome one fired the third shot.

"Here, here!" exclaimed Marshal Ed Masterson, his thumbs jauntily in his belt, and never a move toward his weapon; "here, you horse-thief, what do you reckon now you're doing?"

By way of reply, the lonesome one sent the fourth

bullet into the left shoulder of Marshal Ed Masterson. The latter, upon this hint, got his own artillery to bear with the alacrity of light, and while the shot in his shoulder shocked him off his feet, the lonesome one also went to the floor with a bullet in his hip.

Marshal Ed Masterson was up in a flash. The lonesome one was making an effort to arise. At this Marshal Ed Masterson fell upon him in the most unofficial spirit and beat him with his Colt's pistol. When Mr. Masterson came upon the field of battle, his volatile relative, weapon back in its holster, was surveying the lonesome one where he lay on the floor.

"Two of you pack that party to the doctor's," quoth Marshal Ed Masterson, addressing the concourse of citizens who arrived with his brother. Then in reply to the latter's inquiry: "No, he didn't do anything. Simply shaking up the joint under the head of good of the order."

Nothing could exceed the indignation of Mr. Masterson when fifteen minutes later he learned of the bullet in Marshal Ed Masterson's shoulder. It was then that the outrageous scandal of it began to break upon him.

"You find a brigand shooting up the dance hall," cried the discouraged Mr. Masterson, "and all you do is enter into conversation with him! Then when he's plugged you, and you on your side have dropped him with a bullet in his leg, you beat him over the head!—him, with two cartridges left in his gun! What do you figure those other five shots were put in your own six-shooter for? And you call yourself Marshal of Dodge!"

The doctor, having repaired the lonesome one, began a hunt for the bullet in Marshal Ed Masterson's shoulder, while Mr. Masterson retired to the Long Branch to drown his chagrin.

"Ed's new to the game, Bat," observed Mr. Short, as he joined his depressed friend at the bar. "Give him time; he'll make the round-up all right. What he went ag'in' to-day will be proper practice for him."

"It won't do, Luke," responded Mr. Masterson hopelessly. "Ed never'll last to go the route! Did you ever hear of such a thing? A party plugs him and lies there organized with two more loads! Ed, with five shots in his gun, can't think of anything better than to beat him over the head. If I wasn't so worried for Ed I'd feel ashamed."

Dating from that uprising of the lonesome stranger there befell a season of serenity, the peace whereof was without its fellow in the annals of Dodge. The giddy and the careless paid no heed, but pessimists and ones grown old on the sunset side of the Missouri took on brows of trouble. The latter counted on that inevitable equilibrium which nature everywhere and under all conditions maintains, and looked forward to an era of extraordinary explosiveness when bullets would fly as thick as twilight bats. These folk of forecast could not tell when this powder-burning would take place, but they felt that it was on its smoky way.

True, that period of deep quiet was on occasion rippled by some tenderfoot who, made foolish of whiskey and the liberal lines laid down by Dodge for the guidance of visitors, was inclined to go too far. Or now and again a Mexican became boisterous beyond what a judicious public sentiment permitted to his caste, and offered a case where the dignity of Dodge required that he be moderately "buffaloed." These slight ebullitions, however, were as nothings and came under the head of child's play. It was not until the taking place of what stirring events are about to be recounted that those pessimists and ones of prophecy, being justified of their fears, gathered at the Long Branch, the Alhambra, and the Alamo, and over their liquor-reminded one another how they had foretold the same.

It was brown October, and the fat beef herds came winding in from the lowing, horn-tossing south, and Dodge in its shirtsleeves was busy with prosperity. The genial boys of cows, their herds disposed of, would dispense their impartial riches upon monte, whiskey, and quadrilles, and it was the chosen duty of Dodge to provide those relaxations.

On the fateful day which this history has in mind, Mr. Walker of the Cross-K brought in a bunch of nine hundred steers. They came splashing through the Arkansas with the first blue gleams of morning, and before Dodge sat down to its prandial meal, which with a simplicity inherited of the fathers it took at noon, were turned over to those waiting purchasing gentlemen from the East for whom they had been gathered. Their task performed, the weary riders who had brought the cattle up the trail gave themselves to those metropolitan delights which Dodge provided. They went about their merriment with liberal hands, and Dodge rejoiced in profits staggering.

Among those who rode in with the Cross-K herd that day was a certain Mr. Wagner. In moments of sobriety no danger had its source in Mr. Wagner. Endowed, however, of strong drink and a Colt's pistol in right proportions, he was thought to be worth the watching. Indeed, within the year, Mr. Wagner while thus equipped had shot himself into such disrepute in the streets of Mobeetie that he defeated a popular wish to hang him only by the fleetness of his pony. It was

then he came North and attached himself to Mr. Walker and the Cross-K.

Throughout those daylight hours which fell in between that transfer of the Cross-K herd and the lighting of what kerosene lamps made gay the barrooms of Dodge, nothing could have been finer than the deportment of Mr. Wagner. He imbibed his whiskey at intervals not too brief, and distributed his custom with equal justice between the Alhambra with Mr. Kelly, the Alamo with Mr. Webster, and the Long Branch with Mr. Short. Also he drifted into the outfitting bazaar of Mr. Wright and spent fifty dollars upon an eight-inch Colt's six-shooter, calibre .45, the butt of which was enriched and made graceful with carved ivory. This furniture Mr. Wagner swung to his hip by means of a belt, the same corrugated of cartridges.

It was not observed that his drinks had begun to tell upon Mr. Wagner invidiously until the hour of eight in the evening, when, from the family circle of the Dodge Opera House, he roped the first violin of a dramatic organization called the Red Stocking Blondes. It was during the overture that Mr. Wagner pitched the loop of his lariat into the orchestra, and as the first violin played vilely the interruption was well received by the public. The management, however, came before the curtain and said that the show would not proceed while Mr. Wagner remained. With that Marshal Ed Masterson led the disturber forth, took a drink with him to prove that nothing personal was meant by his removal, and bid him return no more. Mr. Wagner, acting on the suggestion of Marshal Ed Masterson, at once surrendered every scrap of interest in the drama as expounded by the Red Stocking Blondes, and went his way. It should be remembered that at this crisis Mr. Wagner, in deference to the tenets of Dodge, was not wearing his brand-new pistol with the ivory butt.

It was roundly the hour of midnight, and Mr. Peacock's dance hall shone with the beauty and the chivalry of Dodge. Marshal Ed Masterson had come over to

the dance hall to hold the chivalry adverted to in decorous check, and keep it to paths of peace. Mr. Wagner arrived and took his place in a quadrille. It was observed that the belt of Mr. Wagner now upheld that Colt's pistol of the ivory butt. Aroused by this solecism, Marshal Ed Masterson descended upon Mr. Wagner and captured his unlawful embellishments. He was holding the six-shooter in one hand and Mr. Wagner in the other, when Mr. Walker, sober and suave, drew near.

"If you'll give him to me, Ed," remarked Mr. Walker, "I'll take care of him."

Since the proposal provided for the peace of Dodge, Marshal Ed Masterson accepted it. He made over Mr. Wagner and the weapon of ivory butt to the soft-speaking Mr. Walker. Thereupon Mr. Walker conducted Mr. Wagner outside; taking him to the rear of the dance hall, where no ear might listen and no eye look on, he perfidiously readorned him with that ivory-buttred treasure of a Colt's .45.

"Now," observed Mr. Walker, as he buckled the belt and its dependent hardware about Mr. Wagner where they would do the most harm, "if I was you I'd go surgin' back into the dance hall, an' if any jimcrow marshal tried to pounce on my gun I'd blow his light out."

Marshal Ed Masterson had just emerged from the dance hall into the blaze of light which issued from its wide front windows when Mr. Wagner, walking deviously, his broad-rimmed hat cocked at an insulting angle, the offensive six-shooter flapping ostentatiously against his leg, brushed by Mr. Wagner wore a challenging glance and was snorting defiance of the law.

It was now that Marshal Ed Masterson displayed that want of prudence and indifference to precedent whereof Mr. Masterson aforetime had complained to Mr. Kelly. Under the conditions presented, *videlicet* the sudden not to say warlike return of Mr. Wagner, it was the business of Marshal Ed Masterson to shove the prompt muzzle of his gun into the face of Mr. Wagner, and, to quote the words of Dodge as it digged the graves next day, "stand him up." In case Mr. Wagner did not instantly hold his hands above his head, Marshal Ed Masterson was to officially unhook the gun and put a deadly period to Mr. Wagner's career.

So far from following this rule of conduct, Marshal Ed Masterson reached out with both hands and seized Mr. Wagner by the shoulders. Thereupon Mr. Wagner yanked the Colt's pistol of ivory butt from its holster. As a counter-move, Marshal Ed Masterson, retaining a right-hand grip on Mr. Wagner's shoulder, grabbed the pistol with his left hand and held the muzzle to one side. There the two stood; Mr. Wagner powerless to bring his weapon to bear, and Marshal Ed Masterson unable to wrest it from his grasp.

At this juncture Mr. Walker, who, in anticipation of what might occur, had privily provided himself with a pistol, came out of the darkness to the rear of the dance hall and thrust his weapon against the body of Marshal Ed Masterson. Mr. Walker pulled the trigger; the hammer descended, but instead of the expected roar there was nothing more lethal than a sharp click. The cartridge, ashamed of the treachery in which it found itself employed, had refused to explode.

Before Mr. Walker could cock his weapon for a second trial, three spitting flashes burned three holes in the night. Bang! bang! bang! the three reports were crowded as close together as the striking of a Yankee clock. Mr. Masterson, from sixty feet away, had put three bullets into Mr. Walker before the latter could fall. It was like puffing out a candle. Mr. Walker of the Cross-K crippled down as dead as Julius Caesar.

Mr. Masterson, from where he stood, would not chance a shot at Mr. Wagner; his brother was too much in the line of fire. Acting a next best part, he came up to the two on the run, but he arrived over-late. While he was still ten feet away, Mr. Wagner in the twists and turns of conflict felt the muzzle of that new ivory-mounted Colt's pistol press for one insignificant moment against the other's breast. He pulled the trigger, and Marshal Ed Masterson went down, shot through the lungs, his clothes afire from the burning powder.

As Marshal Ed Masterson fell, Mr. Wagner fell across him, dead with a bullet in his temple from the revengeful pistol of Mr. Masterson.

Mr. Wright and Mr. Short carried Marshal Ed Masterson into the Long Branch. Mr. Masterson, that man of iron who with unflinching pulse had looked death in the eye a hundred times, threw his pistol on the ground and began to cry like a woman. Mr. Kelly, mayor, came up and united his tears to Mr. Masterson's.

"It was my fault, Bat," wept Mr. Kelly; "I only wish I might have stopped that bullet myself."

"It has turned out like I told you, Kell," sobbed Mr. Masterson, "those murderers outmanaged him!"

Mr. Short reappeared and laid a sympathetic hand on Mr. Masterson.

"Bat," said Mr. Short, "do you want to see Ed? He's dyin'; he's down to the last chip!"

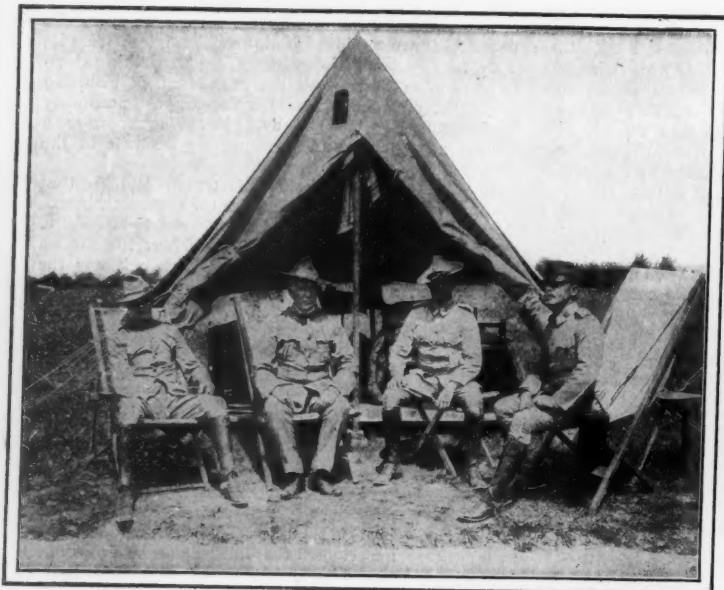
"Poor Ed! No; I don't want to see him!" said Mr. Masterson, tears falling like rain.



Mr. Masterson put three bullets into Mr. Walker

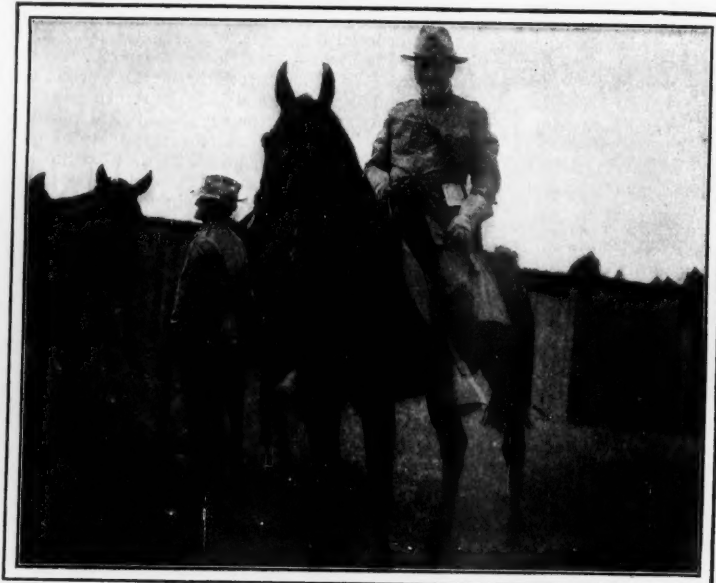


CAVALRY TROOPS ARRIVING IN CAMP AT MANASSAS



LIEUT. HERR CAPT. BREWER LIEUT. CAMERON LIEUT. TREMAYNE

OFFICERS OF THE SEVENTH CAVALRY



BRIG.-GEN. GRANT, COMMANDING THE BLUE ARMY



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP GROUND AT MANASSAS



COMMISSARY WAGONS ARRIVING AT MANASSAS

PLAYING THE WAR GAME AT BULL RUN

THE VOICES OF THE NATION

MODERN FORUM OF INDIVIDUAL OPINION

A National Educational Problem

By Francis G. Peabody

For the last twenty years Prof. Peabody has occupied the Chair of Christian Morals at Harvard University. He has contributed a number of valuable books to ethical literature, and has been an educational leader

AT the gathering this year in New York City of a notable company representing the interests of education from Maine to Texas two conclusions seemed to be agreed upon by all present: first, the extreme need in the South of elementary schools for whites as well as blacks; second, the duty of the North to lighten the burden borne by the South in its new crusade against illiteracy. The South is deeply stirred by this new demand for leadership and sacrifice. Instead of "war governors" we hear of "education governors," with a new campaign cry, "Free schools for all the people." Lack of schools is not the fault of the South; it is the sorrow of the South. The South has been tested by almost every trial—by the desolation of war, by the equally desolating effects of reconstruction, by humbled pride, by poverty. It is now being tried by the slavery of illiteracy, and nothing is more gallant in the records of the South than the enlistment of its representative men in this new war of emancipation. Yet, the situation, as President Dabney of the University of Tennessee has summed it up, is still grave. "In school-houses costing on an average \$276, under teachers paid on an average \$25 a month, the average Southern child gets five cents' worth of education a day for eighty-seven days in the year." Southern education is thus not a race question or even a Southern question, still less a top-heavy question concerned with the higher education. It is a question of citizenship and of the primary school as the basis of an intelligent suffrage.

If chattel-slavery appeared to the North so inconsistent with American democracy as to justify war, not less inconsistent with national self-respect is the slavery of ignorance. Behind the problem of Southern education lies the question of perpetuity for a government of and by the people. The education of one part of the country is essential to the whole country. Democracy, as Mr. Lowell said, means not "I am as good as you are, but you are as good as I am." Democracy assumes that the more favored can not thrive without lifting with them the less fortunate, that there can be no survival of the fit without a revival of the unfit, that the North can not say of the South, or the white of the black, "I have no need of thee." Of this moral idealism, on which democracy rests, the common-school is the first expression, and of it Jefferson wrote: "Were it necessary to give up the Primary or the University, I would rather abandon the last; it is safer to have a whole people respectably enlightened than a few in a high state of science and the rest in ignorance." The education of the South is not a cause that invites philanthropy and patronage, but it is an education of the North in the ideals on which national prosperity finally rests.

The Stage as a Teacher

By Clara Morris

The author of "A Silent Singer" and "The Paste-Board Crown" has found her philosophical reflections as popular as were her remarkable dramatic portrayals. She believes the play should serve a high purpose

IF in considering the pulpit as a teacher of a lesson we came upon a crop of "buts," when in examining the merits of the stage as a teacher we come, too, upon a cloud of "ifs." The advantage of sacred authority in one case seems balanced by the greater numbers the other reaches in its seven weekly audiences as against the pulpit's two—and by its ever-potent charm. Nor is everything made easy for the stage as a teacher. People go to the church seriously minded, expectant of instruction, mentally attuned to receptivity—but not so to the theatre. There they go for entertainment, particularly for forgetfulness; and if a lesson is to be taught it must be so cleverly given as not for one moment to bore the instructed ones.

The stage is to the great mass of the people very much what the pictured fairy story is to childhood—appealing alike to eye, to ear, and to the imagination. It has gathered its materials all along the pathway of man, transmuting all metals of motive and grains of thought into its own gold. It even stoops to the lullabies of Mother Goose and rises to the songs of the Prophets. At the theatre the weary and the care-ridden seek forgetfulness for a little while, and presently they actually weep at fictitious woes, laugh at fictitious misunderstandings, and heartily applaud all patriotic or noble sentiments—thus returning thanks, as it were, for the lesson unconsciously learned.

Certainly, too, the stage is the quickest teacher on record; it makes its impressions swiftly when your senses are all alert, and when your reserve is quite laid aside. And what does this captivating charm of the actor resolve itself into when carefully analyzed? The good actor puts himself *sympathetically* into another's place. Macready was technically and intellectually a

great actor, but he was less loved, had less power over the public, than many poorer actors who were warmer, more human; who stood on the level of their audiences and reached their hearts by their fellowship and sympathetic feeling. For man *will* sympathize with human nature, and not all the theories and philosophies ever invented can lead him from his kind or cure him of human habits. Where his interests and sympathies are, there he will be in the majesty and supremacy of heart. And lying close to the heart are liberty, enlightenment, and progress—involving in their development and fruition suffering and happiness, vice and virtue, error and truth, defeat and victory—the stage comprises them all! Oh, what a power! and when we see the victories won for the stage by it, we feel that *sympathy* is the fulcrum with which the pulpit should lift the world!

Certainly the stage is the ideal teacher, if its lesson is a worthy one; but all the sincerity, ability, and sympathy of the instructor are wasted if the lesson is injudicious. How much then depends upon those who prepare the message the stage as clever mouthpiece is to deliver—with such effect! And when we cry out at times against the incestuous and adulterous entanglements offered in some modern plays—the writers shout Shakespeare! "Shakespeare, he wrote of lust and murder and treachery and ambition—run mad!" So he did, as well as of many sweeter, gentler things, and made noble lessons of them all. For Shakespeare held with steady hand the glass that has given us the reflection of those monsters of his time—a better course for teaching's sake than that of some of our present play-makers, who invite the public to watch their *descent* into the style and their wallowing with what they find there—all in the name of Realism. Given then a great truth, a worthy lesson, the stage as a teacher is stronger in the numbers it reaches, its power to hold undivided attention, and the swiftness with which it makes its impressions upon the minds of the instructed.

The Nation and the Roads

By Walter P. Brownlow

As Member of the United States House of Representatives from the First District of Tennessee, Mr. Brownlow has probably done more effective legislative work for good roads than any other Member of Congress

CONSIDERING the country as a whole, our roads are disgracefully and deplorably bad. They are a bar to the financial, social, educational, and religious progress of the agricultural classes which they affect directly, and a source of loss to every other class which they affect indirectly.

The reason for this state of affairs is patent. The burden of improving the roads has been thrown entirely on the people of the rural districts, and it has been too heavy for them to carry. This is the key to the whole problem. It not only reveals the cause of bad roads, but suggests the remedy.

The first great step toward the correct solution of the road problem is a recognition of the fact that road improvement is not wholly a local question. The rural population have a larger interest in good roads than any other class, and they will doubtless always be found willing to pay the larger part of the expense. But the condition of the roads affects the prosperity of the whole community. It is, therefore, a proper subject for State and National legislation. In the countries of Europe this principle is fully recognized and acted upon.

It is especially right and proper that our National Government should take a large and active part in the improvement of the roads for three reasons:

1. The promotion of the general welfare was one of the first objects in the establishment of the Government.
2. The Government uses the public roads for military purposes, and good roads are of the highest importance in time of war.

3. The Government makes general and continual use of the country roads in connection with postal service. The framers of our Constitution expected that the Government would build roads for use in conducting its postal service, for they empowered Congress "to establish post-offices and post-roads." In fact, a grand system of national roads was planned early in the last century, and partially carried into effect at the expense of the Government, and it was only abandoned when railway building began to monopolize public attention.

The bill which I introduced in the Lower House of Congress provides for co-operation between the National Government and the States in a general scheme of road improvement. Or if any State shall fail to take advantage of the opportunity, the individual counties in the State may arrange to co-operate directly with the Government. There is nothing compulsory about the matter. The bill carries an appropriation of twenty-four million dollars, one-third of which is to be available during each of the next three years. The distribution is to be made on the basis of population, except that no State is to receive less than a quarter of a million. If this measure becomes a law, it will prove a universal stimulus to road improvement in all sections, and a few years will see our country leading the world in the matter of good roads.

Whither the Latin-American?

By Frederick Starr

A noted anthropologist, Prof. Starr, of the University of Chicago, dissipates the hopes, for which the late James G. Blaine stood, of ultimately amalgamating our national interests with those of the Southern continent

THE recent notable address at Chicago, by Premier Ross of Ontario, "The Political Cleavage of North America," was timely. We can, perhaps, by force of superior numbers add Canada to the United States. We can do it only by force. In Canada to-day we find a type of man and form of thought unlike our own. The natural tendency of Canada is not toward union with us, but wider separation from us. What is true of Canada to our north, is far more true of Mexico, Central America, and South America to our south. To speak of "Americanizing" those countries, to talk of their willing entrance into our Union of States, is to shut one's eyes, through ignorance or wilfulness, to the facts. The Latin-American is a distinct type, as well-marked as our own. With an Indian foundation he has the Indian nervousness, irritability, and pessimism. Upon this foundation, which, being indigenous, must be the stronger, because at home and to some degree acclimatized, have been built the pride, the chivalry, the delicacy, the sensitiveness, of the Spaniard and the Portuguese. The type varies locally with latitude, altitude, climate, general environment. It varies not only on account of the European blood varying, as Spanish or Portuguese, but even with the part of Spain from which immigration came. The Brazilian, the Argentinian, the Chilian, the Cuban, the Mexican, are all unlike. Yet they are also all alike Latin-Americans. The Latin-American is a poet to whom the world, landscapes, life, woman, love, furnish material for poetic expression. He is an artist loving all that is beautiful in art. To him symmetry, proportion, balance, are imperious demands. The cities of Latin-America are full of materializations of artistically beautiful ideals; perhaps all the finest public monuments of bronze on this hemisphere are south of the Rio Grande. The Latin-American is a dreamer—especially in the dreamlands of the tropics. He is impulsive. He is cruel, with the innate cruelty of the two parent races, one red, the other white. He is as brave as the old Romans and proves his bravery on many a battlefield. His nature has been molded and directed by ideals of law, government, and religion different from our own. With him Roman law, not English, prevails; a magistrate, not a jury, decides. His revolutions, so frequently our jest, are—when not fomented by foreigners for selfish interests—honest efforts to solve real problems. The successful rulers of Latin-America, men like Diaz, Barrios, Castro, have the iron hand, but they also have true ideals for their nation, toward which they strive. To the Latin-American the pomp, splendor, and authority of Catholicism are better suited than the barrenness and the sceptical and restive individuality of Protestantism. That from this population thus molded great and progressive nations can be made is amply testified by Mexico, Chili, Argentina, and Venezuela. Latin-America will take just so much from us, from England, from Germany, France, and Italy as she needs and likes. But her tendency is not toward us or our ideals, or toward union with us. She will work out her own salvation in her own way.

Should Cuba Be a State?

By Francis G. Newlands

The answer to this question by the junior United States Senator from Nevada will interest voters who give thoughtful attention to the subject of expansion in a campaign where Imperialism is an issue

EVER since the purchase of Florida and the Louisiana territory, statesmen of America have been intent upon rounding out our territory by the acquisition of Cuba, if it could be done peaceably and with honor. This is one of the few things which Jefferson and Hamilton, leaders of opposing schools of political thought, agreed upon. Recent events produced an opportunity which should have been seized. Cuba, freed by our intervention from the dominion of Spain, had organized, with our aid, a republic. Her population was reduced to the lowest ebb by years of war and economic distress. Capable of supporting twelve million people, her population was only one million and a half. Possessed of soil unequaled anywhere in richness and fertility, her sugar industry had declined as the result of the stimulation of the sugar industry through the bounty system in some countries and the protective system in others. Shut out from the markets of the world, she asked us to lower our tariff wall as to her products in order that she might come in and receive not simply the international price, but the international price plus our duty. Her people presented the economic necessity of commercial union with this country. It was therefore the golden opportunity to suggest to Cuba that the best kind of commercial union could be secured through political union. The admission of Cuba as a State would stimulate vastly her

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production and would create a condition of prosperity and wealth beyond the power of the imagination to picture. Had we taken a firm stand against reciprocity, but at the same time indicated our willingness to accept her into the Union, Cuba could not have met the argument addressed to her interest and her pride, because it would mean prosperity and wealth, and because the position of a sovereign state in the great Union of States is incomparably superior to that of an inferior republic.

Reciprocity does not mean that the price of sugar will be reduced a fraction of a cent in this country. It simply means that Cuba and the Cuban planters will get what our treasury would otherwise get; that the national income of our own country will be reduced seven million dollars a year in order to turn over that sum to Cuba. Should she double her production, as she doubtless will, reciprocity means that she will get a subsidy of fourteen million dollars annually. How can the United States, whose planters in Louisiana and whose farmers in the Western States are now engaged in the sugar production, be justified in subsidizing a foreign industry at the expense of their own?

The Americans who will go to the Republic of Cuba will not be home-seeking Americans, but will be the men in control of the great syndicates, who will seek to concentrate the land in large holdings, and to inflict upon Cuba all the evils of land monopoly; the planters at the top, the laborers at the bottom; the planters rich, the laborers serfs.

The ultimate incorporation of Cuba into our Union is regarded by all thinking men as inevitable. It is better, therefore, that it should take place now than later on. Cuba's population is small. Let her prosper under reciprocity, as she will, she will be the dumping ground for the refuse labor of the world—the Chinese, the Jamaica negroes, the ignorant and degraded peasants of Southern Europe—all drawn there by arrangements with great planting syndicates, which will own the soil and will yield to the labor employed upon it simply a scanty subsistence. The danger is that when annexation is inevitable, the population of Cuba will be vastly more undesirable than it is at present. She is partially Americanized now, as the result of our military administration of many years, and of the splendid sanitary, industrial, and school systems inaugurated by us. She will be less Americanized years hence, for the influx of the population to which I have referred will drive her further and further from American ideals.

Should she be incorporated into the Union now, our immigration laws would apply. Small homes could be promoted; her great domain, now unoccupied and uncultivated, could be made the field for the small homes of industrious Americans; and thus, at the end of ten, fifteen, or twenty years, instead of having ten or fifteen million of refuse population, she would be thoroughly Americanized by American immigration.

The climate of Cuba is unsurpassed. It is cooler in summer than the mainland of the United States. It is a country of great beauty, surpassing even the Riviera of the Mediterranean in scenery and salubrity. The position of Cuba rounds out our boundaries, making us complete, able to supply all that want can suggest or luxury demand.

The City-States

By Samuel E. Moffett

Mr. Moffett is a nephew of Mark Twain, a journalist by profession, a keen economist, one of the ablest contemporary editorial writers, and a careful political observer.

SOME of us who are not very young may yet live long enough to see something like a revival of the ancient and mediæval city-states in this country. And, like everything American, the experiment will be tried on a scale never matched in history before.

"Politics" used to be the art of governing a city—"polis." For some centuries the city has been submerged in vast rural states, much to the disadvantage of civilization, and it is just beginning to emerge. Baltimore already contains a majority of the population of Maryland. A majority of the inhabitants of New York State will soon be living within the limits of the metropolis. In a few years more Chicago will outnumber all the rest of Illinois.

Hitherto all American States have been ruled by the farmers. Under the new conditions the rural portions of some of the greatest commonwealths will become mere appendages of certain cities. That will be an intolerable situation for the country people, and the result will be that by common consent the cities will be cut off and turned into States by themselves.

There is hardly a doubt that every city of over a quarter of a million inhabitants would be better governed as an independent community than as an uncongenial member of a partly rural partnership. It could make its laws to suit its own conditions then, without having to go into "deals" with country politicians unrestrained by its public opinion, and it could get better men to serve it when its mayors and aldermen were at the same time governors and members of the Legislature. The city-states of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and San Francisco may write some chapters of history worth putting beside those written by the city-states of Athens, Florence, Venice, and Rome.

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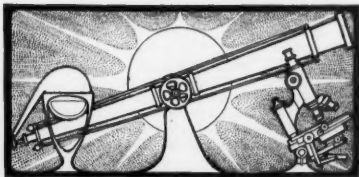
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THE DEMIGODS OF MARS

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

THERE is no use in denying the fact that the measure of human interest in a foreign planet depends upon the probability or possibility that the planet in question is an inhabited world. Astronomers absorbed in technical work may decry speculation of this kind as much as they like, but the intelligent public will continue to ask: "Are there people up there, or are there not?" And if the time should ever come when it can be stated, definitely and conclusively, that there is no possibility of life on other planets, there will not remain one reader in a thousand who will pay the slightest attention to anything else that may be said about them.

Fortunately there is little likelihood that the planet Mars will in this manner cease to be an object of general interest. On the contrary, every new study of his remarkable disk furnishes fresh material for speculation concerning the life and doings of his alleged inhabitants; and the latest observations of Percival Lowell, who has made himself the special student of Mars before all others, afford us a glimpse of the possibilities of that strange planet as fascinating as a dip into the "Arabian Nights," or the stories of Theseus and Hercules.

That such inhabitants actually exist is, of course, simply an inference from suggestive appearances. But these appearances are so extraordinary that no thoughtful observer can very well help trying to interpret their meaning, and it must be confessed that the interpretation which pronounces them to be correlatives of intelligent life is at least as good as any.

The Martians are Wonderful Creatures

It has generally been assumed, for a variety of reasons, that the Martians greatly excel us in their mastery over physical nature as well as in their bodily stature and intellectual experience, but the new picture of their achievements which Mr. Lowell presents in outline in a bulletin from his Arizona observatory shows them as virtual demigods, whose labors throw those of Hercules entirely into the shade.

Their task, it seems, has been and is to preserve the life of a planet. There is no room for petty politics on Mars. There can not even be any international complications. War is unimaginable on the surface of the planet to which we have given the name of the god of war, because all the races and nations that may dwell upon it must be blended into a common brotherhood by the one universal purpose of maintaining their world in a state of habitability. From that purpose there can be no flinching. Every power of mind and body must be bent to serve it. If a message could reach us from Mars it would surely be a cry of despair. From the cradle to the grave the inhabitant of Mars lives always under the shadow of an impending catastrophe which threatens the extinction of all life upon his globe. While we can look serenely forward to the ending of our world some millions of years in the future, on Mars they see planetary death knocking at their doors and must keep him out as long as they can. And the manner in which they are holding him back must awaken our liveliest admiration.

The Canals Accounted For

All these things seem fairly inferable from Mr. Lowell's studies. The clew to the whole situation is the scarcity of water. The notion prevalent a few years ago that there are oceans on Mars has been abandoned. Apparently there are not even lakes, unless of slight extent and of artificial origin. There are no natural streams or rivers. All the available moisture by which vegetation can be stimulated is locked up during half the Martian year, which is 687 days in length, in the polar snows. When those snows begin to melt—a phenomenon easily observed with the telescope—the "canals" make their appearance. The first canals are seen at the edges of the disappearing snow-cap, high up in polar latitudes. Then, as the melting continues, the canals increase in number, darken, broaden, and extend downward over the disk, until finally they reach, and even pass, the equator. The observed sequence of the phenomena exactly fits the hypothesis that the canals, hundreds in number, are brought into existence, or into visibility, as a result of the melting of the polar snow.

But now we come to a most important point. The canals are not to be regarded as water, but rather as a product of water. They are, says Mr. Lowell, probably lines of vegetation, quickened into growth by the water from the melted snow-caps. A little thinking about this brings out a very singular conclusion. The annual awakening of vegetable life on Mars takes a course precisely opposite to that followed on the earth. With us, on a world abundantly supplied with water, the march of life in the springtime is from the equator toward the poles; on Mars, where there is practically no water except that which winter has locked up at the poles, the direction of this vivifying procession is reversed, and vegetation springing up first near the polar circles advances down across the middle latitudes to the equator, and even

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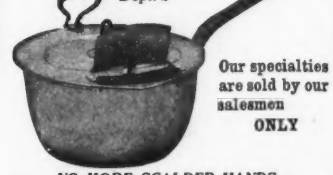
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beyond the equator with the other hemisphere.

But how is all this brought about—what causes the water to flow from the poles toward the equator? Here is where the cunning and all-powerful hands of the demigods of Mars appear. Gravitation will not account for the transfer of the water—at least not for any great distance. As far as we can see, some intelligence above the ordinary forces of nature must interfere in the phenomenon. In a word, the lines of vegetation called canals must be of artificial origin. The real canals, the irrigating ditches, which are the active agents in distributing the water and forcing it away from the poles, must be concealed in the larger visible lines which are thousands of miles in length and average perhaps a hundred miles in width. Along those lines, and within their borders, life is maintained. All around them the face of the planet is a desert! There is one circumstance which distinctly favors the suppositions engineers of Mars—the planet is extraordinarily flat. There is little of any indication of the existence of mountains or even of hills upon it. Still, however, the problem of conveying enormous quantities of water from the polar circles to the equator is one that would seem too great for any beings less than demigods to solve. They must create a gigantic head of water. They must have pumping apparatus of unimaginable power and magnitude. They must raise the water again and again, and send it forward from one artificial level to another until the whole thirsty planet is satisfied. "Impossible!" do you say? Well, perhaps so, and perhaps not so. In fighting for their lives men do wonders; and if it is the life of a whole world that is at stake who shall set a limit to the achievements of intellect?

Why Curfew Did Not Ring

By MAURICE SMILEY

I TOLD her of the maid who clung
 To the tongue of the village bell;
 Of the curfew that was never rung,
 And the lover loved so well.

And curfew was not rung that night,
 And the reason I shall tell—
 She held her tongue while I, you see,
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SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES

Tales of How John D. Rockefeller Accumulated Some of His Money

The preceding stories—"Mr. Rockefeller Buys a Horse," and "Mr. Rockefeller Loses a Golf-Ball"—were published in Collier's for May 21

Mr. Rockefeller Entertains

SOME little distance from the city of Cleveland, which is practically the headquarters of the Rockefeller family, is a large hospital, one of Mr. Rockefeller's pet charities. He founded the institution, contributes largely to its maintenance, and by way of recreation personally audits all its accounts. Incidentally it may be said that he does this with a thoroughness which is most exemplary, although the result is anything but restful to the directors. Not the minutest detail of the hospital expenses escapes his vigilant eye. As a part of the institution, Mr. Rockefeller is also interested in the welfare of the nurses, and as an occasional relaxation they are invited for a day's outing to their patron's beautiful estate in the suburbs of Cleveland. The distance between the hospital and Mr. Rockefeller's place is not great, but the route is circuitous and altogether a matter of two hours' journey. The party of nurses from whom this story leaked out left the hospital at nine and arrived at their destination about eleven. Mr. Rockefeller met them with the beaming cordiality of the person who aims to please and is serenely confident of the result. After the long ride through the cool bracing air a bite would have been welcome, but nothing was offered. Instead, their host immediately proposed a personally conducted tour of the really beautiful grounds, which are his pride, as well as his genuine pleasure, apparently the one aesthetic touch in his whole life. Now, the Rockefeller estate is extensive, six hundred acres in all up hill and down dale. Furthermore, young women who go into the nursing profession are not usually of the paper-shelled variety. Hence it is not surprising that long before their host, aged, and of sedentary habits, had wearied in his well doing, these lusty young women, with famine gnawing in their midriffs, had lost every vestige of interest in scenery, or the charms of nature, or the development of the Rockefeller estate, and simply settled themselves despairingly to following their leader, and repressing the desire to cry aloud for food. Finally, like the sound of the bagpipes at Lucknow came the cheering announcement from the host: "Well, perhaps we had better go to the summer house where I have ordered a little refreshment to be served."

It was then nearing two o'clock. "Summer House? Refreshment?" whispered an irrepressible young woman. "These words sound trivial and fragile and frivolous in my ears, compared with the serious intensity of the appetite which is raging below. If relief is long a-coming, I feel from the cloud passing over my mind that I shall shriek aloud and tell our noble benefactor that the time has passed when coffee and sandwiches could even reach the skirmish lines of my hunger. Nothing less able-bodied than salt pork and potatoes has any chance of getting there."

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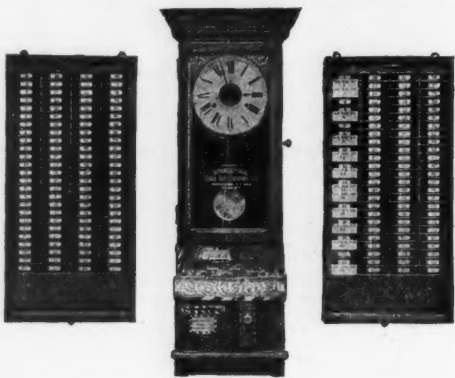
A lady says: "Postum has helped my complexion so much that my friends say I am growing young again. My complexion used to be coffee colored, muddy and yellow but it is now clear and rosy as when I was a girl. I was induced to try Postum by a friend who had suffered just as I had suffered from terrible indigestion, palpitation of the heart and sinking spells."

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The girls were buoyed up in the walk to the summer house by anticipations of speedy relief. When they reached it, however, a view of the preparations confirmed their worst fears as to the slightness of the impending repast.

"It's only to be a tea and sandwich affair after all," whispered the irrepressible one again, almost tearfully. "Surely Mr. Rockefeller's wits must be wool-gathering. He knows as well as we do that we have had nothing to eat for six hours, and that after we get back to that red-taped hospital, not one mouthful of food can we procure for love or money till half-past six to-night. Talk about asking for bread and getting a stone! And after he has brought us out so far and made us trot so quick, too. To play us such a trick as tea and sandwiches!" In the meantime alert servants had been moving about spreading the festal board, and laying the feast, which, as it finally unfolded itself to the visions of these horrified and famished nurses, they discovered to consist solely of a huge decorated bowl of ice cold lemonade and a platter of crackers.

Mr. Rockefeller Buys a Bible Cover

DURING a European trip Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller spent some time in the city of Nuremberg. This prosperous old town is the toy factory of the world, and it is consequently not dependent on tourists for its bread and sausage, though the inhabitants are not above turning an honest penny now and again from the purse of the passing stranger. Near the hotel where the Rockefellers stayed was the tiniest of little curio shops kept by the quaintest little old woman, and in the window of this little shop Mrs. Rockefeller had noticed on her way to and from the hotel a charming bit of old German silver filigree designed for a prayer book or Bible cover. On this Bible cover Mrs. Rockefeller at once set her affections, but though she was on pleasure bent she had a frugal mind, and she therefore decided to intrust to the superior financing of her lord and master the task of procuring that prize at the most reasonable figure possible. It was accordingly pointed out to him in the shop window, and in due time he presented himself before the ancient little proprietor and began looking over her wares. After looking at other things, he picked up the filigree Bible cover and said indifferently: "How much do you want for this?"

He was told that the price was twenty-two marks, a matter of about five dollars and a half, American money, though in America the little case could not have been purchased for five times the sum named. Mr. Rockefeller looked it over disparagingly for a few moments, and putting it down said: "I'll give you eighteen marks for it."

The little old lady looked at him with grave and reproachful dignity and said: "I have but one price, sir, and the value of the silver case is twenty-two marks."

Mr. Rockefeller discussed the matter at great length, but the little woman stolidly held on to her original line of argument, and finally Mr. Rockefeller went out of the shop leaving the silver case behind him. Later in the afternoon Mr. Rockefeller again made his appearance in the little shop. Carefully counting out twenty marks he laid them on the counter and said: "I am willing to give you twenty marks for the silver case I was looking at this morning. If you want to sell it, this is your last chance, for my wife is packing her trunks now, and we are leaving Nuremberg this afternoon."

And Mrs. Rockefeller had the pleasure of slipping a Bible into the delicate silver case with the serene consciousness that it had been procured at the lowest possible figure.

Mr. Rockefeller Shaves His Gas Bill

AS a matter of fact, none of Mr. Rockefeller's hard-earned millions are squandered in dribbles by the women of the family. The penny is saved and earned with amazing assiduity, and the prudence and frugality of the family of John D. Rockefeller would electrify many a reckless and impecunious person who gives all he has for what he wants, and heaves a sigh of envy when he hears of the unlimited wealth of the oil king. Some years ago Mr. Rockefeller was traveling in a private car with a number of the Standard Oil magnates, who were spending money on a scale in keeping with their means. Their come-easy-go-easy attitude worried Mr. Rockefeller. It annoyed him to see these men throwing chips from their big pile back into the stream of circulation. He moved about restlessly delivering himself of little talks on the necessity for economy.

"Why," said he, "every member of my family practices economy, it's the only way to have money, the only way. Do you know how my oldest daughter earns her pocket money?"

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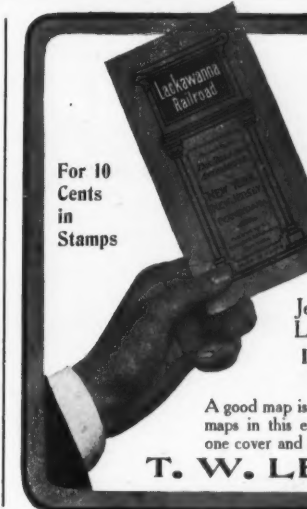
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RECENT FICTION

By FREDERIC TABER COOPER

A Story of Ancient Rome

An imperial feast, a persecuted slave girl, an arena scene with its martyred prisoners thrown to the beasts, a timely miracle or two, and the conversion of a few Romans to Christianity, are the familiar stage properties of novels of the "Ben Hur" and "Quo Vadis" type. Quite recently, Mr. Gardenhire ingeniously worked them all into his story of the Apostle Paul, "Lux Crucis"; and now Irving Bacheller, in his new volume, "Vergilius" (Harper & Brothers), diligently follows the same old recipe. Vergilius is a young Roman, of equestrian rank, who is sent on a secret mission to Judea, because the Emperor Augustus is disquieted by the report that there is soon to be a new King of the Jews. The conspiracy of Antipater to slay his father, Herod the Great, the frustration of this plot by Vergilius, and the latter's personal feud with Antipater, because of their rivalry for the hand of a Roman maiden, form the central incidents of the story. Mr. Bacheller's qualifications for writing a romance of the days of Octavius Caesar are not conspicuous. His book is free from glaring archaeological blunders and anachronisms, but at the sacrifice of vividness, since he has ingeniously dispensed so far as possible with those illuminating little details of everyday life which are apt to betray the superficial student of antiquities. One feels his conscious effort to sustain the atmosphere of the period. He will picture a Roman triclinium with the labored accuracy of a classical dictionary, and show us the guests reclining comfortably on the triple scheme of couches; and then, in the very next paragraph, he will refer to these same guests as men who habitually "sat up late" over their wine. But the real weakness, not only of Mr. Bacheller's story, but of the type that it stands for, lies less in its minor details than in the distorted view it gives of the relative importance, from the ancient Roman standpoint, of all that was then happening in Bethlehem and Nazareth and Jerusalem. Had those events, which were destined to change the world's history, really made the far-reaching impression that Mr. Bacheller and Mr. Gardenhire would have us believe, then the whole New Testament story would have taken a different form.

The Miners and the Baby

There are certain comparisons in literature which are so obvious that it is difficult to escape from making them. A case in point is Philip Verrill Mighels's story of the mining camp, "Bruvver Jim's Baby" (Harper & Brothers), which inevitably recalls "The Luck of Roaring Camp." Beside the unexpurgated frankness of Bret Harte, Mr. Mighels's portrait of the Western miner is largely like salt which has lost its savor; nevertheless he tells a pleasant little story, full of genuine humor and pathos. The "Bruvver Jim" of the title is a bluff, shiftless, kindhearted old miner, whose regeneration is slowly effected by the small waif whom he finds in the sagebrush, where the Indian kidnappers had abandoned it. The presence of this first and only baby in the camp gradually spreads a beneficent influence over the whole community, although the earliest efforts at reform are distinctly crude. At the baby's christening, for instance, a religious service of some sort seems in order. But the nearest approach to a hymn that any of the miners know is "Darling, I am Growing Old," which is forthwith sung with an earnestness that makes up for any lack of piety in the words themselves. Some people have commented upon the title of this book as being foolish and inadequate; but this was before they read the book. After you know the story, it is the one and only title that would satisfy you. The little waif is a child of few words, and "Bruvver Jim" is his earliest utterance. And as the story progresses, you find that the phrase means to the baby not merely the bluff old miner, who rescues him—it is a phrase which he uses in many different senses, but always as a verbal symbol of the unuttered, often unutterable, desires of his lonely baby heart. Mr. Mighels may lack realism, but he has known how to tell a readable and thoroughly human story.

Pessimistic Philosophy

A strong, morbid, haunting sort of book, with a suggestion of stagnant marshes about it, is Morley Roberts's "Rachel Marr" (L. C. Page & Co.). It is a story which deals with sex problems, with all the startling outspokenness of Continental writers, and in fairness it should be measured by Continental rather than by Anglo-Saxon standards. The burden of the book is the latent hostility of the sexes—that at times all men hate all women, and all women hate all men. Its philosophy is the pessimistic philosophy of D'Annunzio's "Trionfo della Morte," or Edouard Rod's "Dernier Refuge"—that a passion which sweeps aside the moral and religious standards of the age has but one logical goal, and that is death. In the England of to-day, a woman like Rachel Marr is an anachronism. She is at heart a pagan, with the temperament of a Sappho; a fiery Southern nature, whose religion is a "passionate adoration of the flesh." The man she loves has been bred in the narrow doctrines of Wesleyanism; flesh, to him, is only "acceptable as a burnt offering to the deity." And because a knowledge of good and evil came to her too early, before her nature had awakened, she missed the opportunity to be

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happy without transgressing the accepted ethics of society. And when she does awaken, the man is already bound irrevocably to another woman; and, although she would now sacrifice her hopes in this world and the next to win him back, she knows that she can never hold him, because he is an ascetic who "relentlessly builds against nature," and will regard her to the end as a symbol of the eternal fire and brimstone. In style, Mr. Roberts is a trifle ponderous; his attempt at writing rhythmic prose has not been an unqualified success.

By the Author of "Dodo"

If Mr. E. F. Benson's method, in his new volume, "The Challoners" (Lippincott) lacks the flippant originality of "Dodo," and the romantic enthusiasm of "The Vintage," it shows a distinct gain in literary workmanship. There is an old-fashioned care and finish about the portraiture of average men and women, in a quiet little English village, which makes you see them with the vividness akin to some of George Eliot's portrayals of clerical life. The story itself, however, is not conspicuous for originality. It is one more of those studies of emancipation from parental authority which have been so plentiful since the day when Sudermann first wrote "Heimath." Mr. Challoner is a conservative English clergyman, all the narrower for having spent his best years buried away from the world, in an isolated little hamlet. His ambition for his son is to see him preach the same narrow doctrine that he himself has preached; his ambition for his daughter is to see her married to some devout believer of his own stamp, who will guard her strictly from the polluting influence of such a centre of corruption as London. But, to his grief, the son has no taste for scholarship or theology; his heart is wrapped up in music, which the father regards as a temptation of Satan. And the daughter is almost as sore a disappointment, since she gives her heart to a man who, worse than professing an alien creed, frankly confesses that he has no creed at all. Mr. Benson has depicted the elder Mr. Challoner as a man of such uncompromising austerity that there seems no possible way of effecting a family reconciliation under this clash of interests. At least, the author acknowledges his defeat by invoking sudden death as a convenient method of solving the problem.

Good Animal Stories

IF ALL writers who attempt the Ernest Seton type of animal story could succeed so admirably as Charles G. D. Roberts has done, there would be fewer false notions of natural history inculcated and fewer indignant protests from nature students. Mr. Roberts won much cordial and well-merited praise when he published "The Kindred of the Wild." He has duplicated its success in "The Watchers of the Trail" (L. C. Page & Co.). This new collection covers a wide range of subjects, from the life story of a dragon fly, the "Little Wolf of the Air," to the tragedy of a great, black moose, in the story called "The Kill." In his preface Mr. Roberts tells how he spent much of his boyhood "on the fringe of the forest," and, perhaps, this is why some of the best stories in the book are those which linger on the border-line between savagery and civilization. One of these, perhaps the best of them all, is "An Alien of the Wild." It is the life chronicle of a black bull, the offspring of a little red cow who escaped from her barn during a conflagration and eventually lost herself in the Canadian woods. While the mother lives, the savage "watchers of the trail" are kept at a respectful distance by the mysterious "tonk-a-tonk" of the bell that hangs about her neck. But when she is gone the black bull's troubles begin in earnest. And, worse than the dangers which threaten him on all sides, the unwarranted attacks of bear and moose, is his strange, uncomprehended sense of loneliness, his longing, though he does not know it, for companions of his own kind. It is this dumb longing, strongest of all in the spring of the year, that finally drives him back to the haunts of men; but although he is an alien to the wilderness, he is equally an alien to human habitations, and his advent necessarily hastens his doom.

The Stenographer and the Boss

NEITH BOYCE, who is best known as author of "The Forerunner," has gathered together a number of her clever short stories under the title of "The Folly of Others" (Fox, Duffield & Company). They include eight little sketches and one fairly long novelette. They are all marked with the same careful workmanship, the same subtle recognition of the potent influence exerted by the little things of life. But the real interest in the volume centres in the novelette, "A Provident Woman." It is the story of a young stenographer in a big wholesale business house, who to her great surprise one day receives an offer of marriage from the head of the firm. He is a middle-aged invalid, with a weak heart and an ample fortune—a man whom no young girl could deceive herself into loving. But this particular girl has her heart held well in subjection by a level little brain. Moreover, she is utterly weary of her home life, weary of the careless ways of a slatternly mother and a flighty younger sister, weary especially of the array of young clerks whose weekly board bills eke out her mother's slender means—and of the eternal beef-stew which nightly diffuses its acrid fumes through the house. So she stifles the dictates of her heart, resolutely puts aside another and younger man, who might have taught her the meaning of love in a cottage, and instead goes open-eyed into a loveless marriage, undeterred by the fact that "the road of life, which is the road of duty, seems all a blur of grayness before her."



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Bourke Cockran's Oratory

BOURKE COCKRAN, the Democratic giant who signalized his re-entry into the House of Representatives by an eloquent peroration on the decadence of that body, had a tilt with Governor O'Ferrall of Virginia many years ago. Governor O'Ferrall said the powerful New Yorker's speech reminded him of a little story. A traveler was riding over a country road, when a terrific thunderstorm developed. It was night and as dark as Erebus. Through the stormy night the traveler guided his horse by the flare of the lightning. But though the storm raged fiercely, the forked streaks of electric illumination were infrequent, while the peals of thunder waxed incessantly.

Finally the belated wayfarer, a-wearied in spirit, made a supplication to the Omnipotent: "O, Lord!" he prayed, "if it is just the same to you, I would like to have a little more light and not quite so much noise."

Gooseberries and a Cat

NOT long ago officials of the Department of Agriculture were much amused by a letter sent the Department by an occasional correspondent in Virginia.

Among other things, the writer hastened to advise Secretary Wilson to this effect: "My wife had a Tame cat that dyd. Being a Tortureshell and a Grate faverit, we had the same berred in the Gardin, and for the enrichment of the soil I had the Carkis deposited under the roots of a Gooseberry Bush. (The Frute being up to then of the smooth varriety.) But the next Seson's Frute, after the Cat was berred, the Gooseberrys was all Hairy—and more Remarkable, the Cataplips of the Same Bush was All of said Hairy description."

Chivalry

REPRESENTATIVE S. W. MCCALL of Massachusetts tells of a teacher in a Cambridge kindergarten who once encountered among her pupils a chivalric little chap who held the rights of his lady-love sacred.

The lad in question had been chewing gum. The teacher ordered him to her desk and bade him disgorge.

To her great surprise, the boy said: "I can't!"

"You can't!" repeated the instructor. "Yes, you can, and you must!"

"No'm, I can't," persisted the lad, and he retained the gum in his mouth.

"Now, why can't you give me that gum, Richard?" the teacher asked.

"Because," answered Richard doggedly, "it belongs to a little girl in Somerville."

Poetic Justice

QUARTERMASTER A. W. BUTT of the Army, in signing his official mail, makes use of a peculiarly illegible signature, which looks for all the world like an exercise in penmanship, being, as it is, a mere series of loops overlapping one another. If it were not for the fact that at the head of the stationery which the Quartermaster uses there is printed the legend "A. W. Butt, Quartermaster," no one, not even a handwriting expert, could possibly decipher the signature.

Not long ago Senator Bacon of Georgia received a communication from the Quartermaster bearing, of course, the usual signature. Now this being the first time Mr. Bacon had ever seen the signature in question, he became much interested in it. When his clerk had prepared a typewritten reply to the Quartermaster's letter, Senator Bacon gave the surprising direction, that when the letter was press-copied and sealed in the envelope it was not to be addressed. "I wish to do that myself," said he.

The mystified clerk did as he was ordered. Taking the envelope, Senator Bacon, with a smile hovering over his countenance, laboriously and carefully copied his signature. When he had finished he held the envelope some distance from him and surveyed his work with much satisfaction, it appearing to him that he had successfully reproduced the series of loops before mentioned.

"Now," said the Senator to his clerk, "we will mail this. I am interested to see if there is any one in the War Department who can tell for whom this communication is intended."

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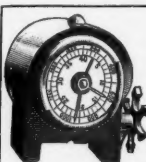
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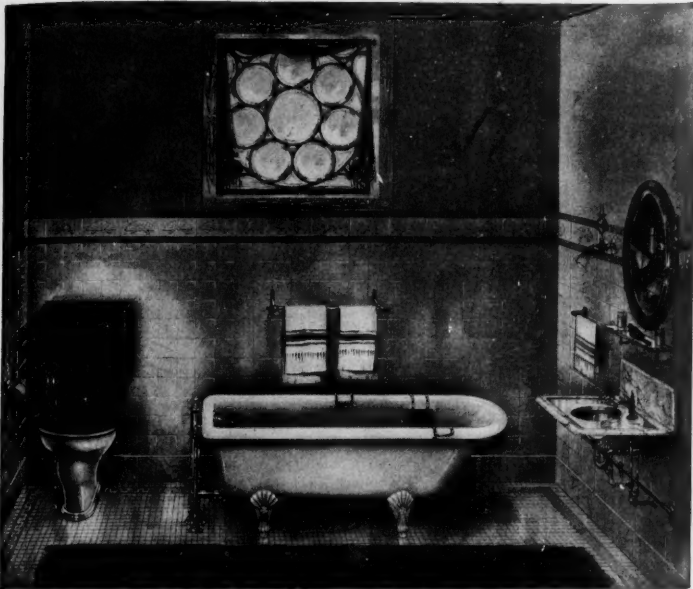
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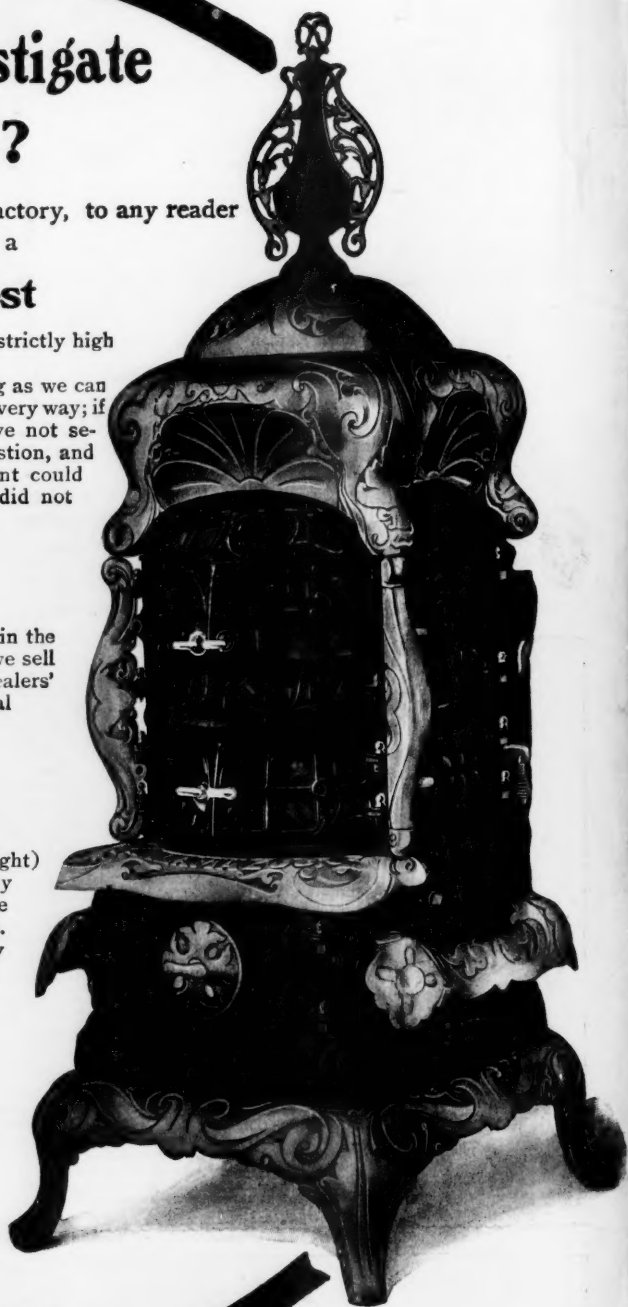
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